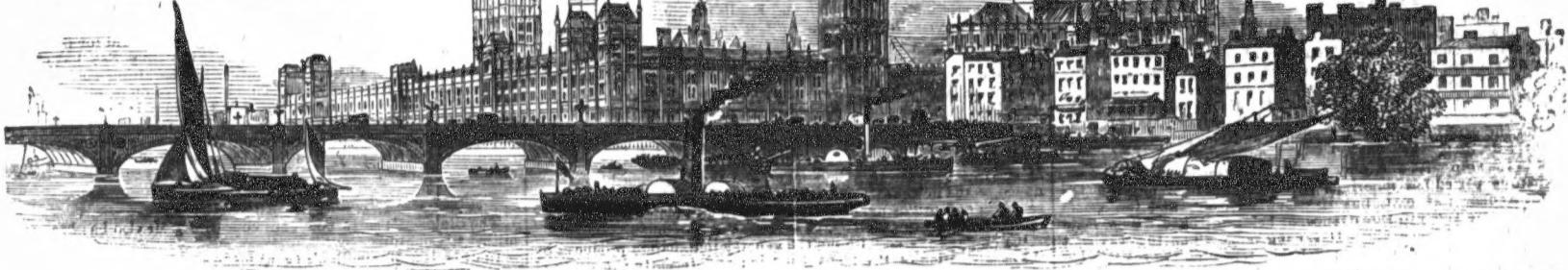


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THE FEARFUL WRECK OF THE LONDON.—THE ILL-FATED SHIP, GOING TOWN, WITH 221 SOULS ON BOARD. (See page 515.)

JAN. 27, 1866.]

LOSS OF THE LONDON AUSTRALIAN PACKET, AND GREAT SACRIFICE OF LIFE.

The London steam-ship, with 300 people on board, foundered in the Bay of Biscay during a terrific storm. Only nineteen persons were saved. When the ship was totally disabled, a boat was launched, but speedily dashed to pieces; and, after considerable hesitation, it was agreed that a boat should be launched for the second time, and an opportunity was presented for passengers to embark in her, but only three passengers and sixteen of the crew availed themselves of it, and if they had delayed three minutes longer than they did, they would have perished in the ship. The present was taken that only three or four of the sixteen of the crew who committed themselves to the boat should be allowed to jump into her while she was being lowered, and by this means she reached the water without mishap, and the rest were enabled to follow. The crowd on board were afraid to leave the ship, having naturally been frightened by the sinking of the iron boat, and those who put off in the second boat were shouted at not to make the attempt, as their chance was hopeless. Some heroic sacrifices were made. One of the passengers in the boat, Mr. John Wilson, a native of Montreal, went down into the cabin and endeavoured to persuade a friend, Mr. John Hickman, from Ballarat, and brother to Mr. Hickman, solicitor of Southampton, to attempt to save his life by going into the boat, but, after being entreated, he said, "No, I promised my wife and children to stay by them, and I will do so." The water was then considerable depth on the lee side of the saloon; indeed, over the top of the berths, and he asked Mr. Wilson to help him in removing his four children to the windward side, out of the water. This was done, and then he shook hands with Mr. Wilson, with "Good-bye, Jack," and parted from his friend for ever. When last seen Mr. Hickman was standing in a row with his wife and children. This occurred about an hour before the boat put off, but probably they had perished by that time, as the water had before then poured into the steamer through her cabin windows, and when the boat left the sea was flush with the top of the poop deck, and the corpses of drowned women and children were floating over the deck. When the men were all in the boat, one of the seaman cried, "There may still be room; fetch a lady." Mr. Wilson then sprang over a portion of the deck in search of a lady he knew, but not seeing her, and knowing that every instant was precious, he said to a young girl, "Will you go?" She did not refuse, therefore Mr. Wilson seized her and took her to the bulwarks, but when she looked over the rails and saw the distance which she must spring, she said in despair, "Oh, I cannot do that." There was no time for persuasion or parley, and Mr. Wilson was obliged to drop the girl and jump from the steamer to the boat, which he fell into safely. The ship was being washed over to the boat, towards which it lunged heavily. The captain, who was walking calmly up and down the poop, had refused to leave his ship, but just before the boat put off he had the consideration and presence of mind to give those in the boat their "course." He told them that it lay E N E to Brest, which was correct. Before it could be got off it was in great danger of being sucked down with the ship, which was rapidly settling beneath the water. The swirl of water round the stern that preceded the foundering had already begun to be excessive, and the boat was therefore hastily cut away. At that moment those in the boat were pitifully called upon by a lady about twenty-three years of age, who, with a face which was, it is stated, livid with horror, shrieked out an offer of "a thousand guineas if you'll take me in." But in that solemn hour millions of money would have been accounted valueless, and to return must have resulted in destruction to all. One of the seamen has stated that when the boat was pushed off, and the captain had wished those in her "God speed," the men resolved that no danger must be allowed to accrue to them from further crowding, and that some of them drew their knives with a determination of cutting off the hands of those who might leap from the ship and endeavour to cling to the boat's gun-wales. It is also stated that long before this, when it was first made known that the vessel must go down, a passenger brought on deck a carpet-bag, and that on his doing so the captain gave a short melancholy laugh, and then smiled, as one of the passengers expressed it, "at the preposterous idea of the man's thinking at such a time of his property."

Down into the waves, with 269 others, has sunk Gustavus V. Brooke, the famed tragedian, who was bound for the country which had been the scene of a reverse of fortune to him, but previously of many brilliant successes. He will be well remembered as a tall man, of powerful build, and he is stated by the rescued passengers to have exerted his strength to the utmost in helping to keep the ship afloat. The Dutch portion of the crew, twenty-one in number, refused to work, and according to the English sailors who were saved, these men went to their berths and remained there, so that the passengers had to work at the pumps for many hours with the English seamen. Mr. G. V. Brooke exerted himself incessantly. Attired only in a red Crimean shirt and trousers, with no hat on, and barefooted, he went backwards and forwards to the pumps until working at them was found to be useless, and when last seen, about four hours before the steamer went down, he was leaning with grave composure upon one of the half doors at the companion. His chin was resting upon both hands, and his arms were on the top of the door, which he gently swayed to and fro, while he calmly watched the scene. One of the passengers who saw him has said, "He has worked wonderfully, and, in fact, more bravely than any man on board of that ship." To the steward, who made himself known, Mr. Brooke said, "If you succeed in saving yourself, give my farewell to the people of Melbourne." The rescued men remember with gratitude and respect the efforts put forth by ministers on board. The Rev. Dr. Woolley encouraged the passengers to work at the pumps, in which he was seconded by the steward, who had a son on board, and cheered the passengers by her collected demeanour and constant attentions. Next must be mentioned a circumstance, the publication of which may prove to be of great importance. Mr. Munro stated that a passenger named Eastwood, with whom he had been acquainted prior to the voyage, said to him, "Well, Jack, I think we are going to go." The answer was, "I think we are, Eastwood." The reply was, "We cannot help it. There's only one thing I regret about it; of a draught of £500 on the Bank of Victoria, Ballarat, I only received £20, which I gave to the captain in the office of Money Wigram and Co. I should have liked my poor father to have got the balance." The speaker was among those who perished, but fortunately and singularly enough, his communication was made to one of the three surviving passengers, and as the deceased Mr. Eastwood's father is known to live near Liverpool, the probability is that his son's wish will be fulfilled—a wish that was so fervent that Mr. Eastwood shed tears as he expressed it.

We have endeavoured to obtain information from the survivors as to any one they can recollect among the passengers, and to any word or act that may tend to satisfy their friends of their state of mind.

Mention was made of the Rev. Mr. Draper's exhortations to the unhappy people in the chief saloon. The women sat round him reading Bibles with the children, and occasionally some man or woman would step up to Mr. Draper and say, "Pray with me, Mr. Draper"—a request that was always complied with. Up to the time the ship went down the reverend gentleman ministered to those among whom he moved constantly. He was heard to say repeatedly, "Oh, God, may those that are not converted be converted now—hundreds of them!" About an hour before the vessel sank Mr. Wilson met Captain Martin under the main deck aft, and asked him if he would be of use in carrying out the water to the second deck. He replied, "I will see," and walked to the engine-

room, into which he looked down, when he turned about, came back, and said, "You may do it, but I think it is of no use." He then walked on to the poop, and having declared that he would stay and sink with the passengers, he walked about and silently looked down upon what was going on. When the boat put off with the three passengers, fourteen men, and two boys, one being the youngest midshipman on his first voyage, many of the passengers who, although expecting death, little knew how very, very soon it was to come upon them, waved their handkerchiefs, and cheered when the boat got about a dozen yards from the ship, being apparently anxious that some should live to tell their hapless tale. By the time the men had rowed the gig about eighty yards the wind came upon them from all quarters so boisterously that they could not hear each other when shouting, and at this time they looked eagerly back, and saw their noble new vessel sinking rapidly by the stern. The stem rose so high that the keel was observed for a moment to be completely out of the water as far as the forecastle. The boatswain, Sledding, of Blackwall, who has left a wife and five children, the butcher, from Blackwall, who has left a wife and family, Ham, the cook, who is a married man and a very old servant of the owners, the baker (unknown), and the purser's mate, William Riley, had made up their minds to leave the steamer in the remaining small boat over theuddy, and had provisioned and launched her; but no sooner were they ready to put off than the foundered ship quickly slid below the waves, and left a moment an awful gulf, within whose walls of dark whirling, water they fell with every human being and every article around and were soon swallowed up. Two passengers were seen with lifebelts, but probably none were alive when they came to the surface. The spectacle was only to be seen, for in the din of the tempest no cry from the sinking multitude could be heard, and soon not a vestige was visible. As the ship sank it was seen that all on deck were driven forward, not by water, but by a tremendous and overpowering rush of air from below, which, as it escaped through the deck as well as the hatches, impelled all on deck with fearful violence, and their dreadful struggle must have been soon ended. It was remarked that the third officer, who was named Angel, stood to the last at his post at the donkey engine, which was employed in working the pumps, and that his hands were on the engine even as the vessel disappeared.

The agony of suspense had been so long maintained that on the day the London foundered the passengers were perfectly quiet and unexcited, and a surprising degree of resignation was exhibited throughout. Miss Marks, of Old Kent-road, London, was at first almost frantic; yet, when the boat left, she stood calmly on deck bareheaded, and waved an adieu to Mr. Wilson. Mr. Grant, one of the officers, was lively throughout, and encouraged many to sit at the pumps—work rendered by the wind highly dangerous and difficult. Miss Brooker, from Pimlico, was heard to say, as she wrung her hands, "Well, I have done all that I could, and can do no more." She then became outwardly calm. On Tuesday night, after the passengers had been alarmed by the shipping of water, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Wood, who had with her her husband and five children, Miss Brooker, and Miss Marks read the Bible by turns in the second cabin. It was on that night that, after the sea had poured down the hatch, the captain said, "Boys, you may say your prayers." At twelve o'clock on the following night Mr. D'aper held a general prayer meeting in the saloon. An extraordinary fact deserves to be recorded. A poor old couple, who had three children with them, had tried in vain three times to go upon their voyage. First in a vessel unknown, and which was wrecked; next in the Duncan Dunbar, which was recently wrecked; and lastly, Gardner, the steward, saw the poor wife washed overboard from the London to leeward, her husband following presently beneath the billows. Among the passengers were two stout old people, who had become favourites on board, and who had been sent for by their only son. The poor creatures, on learning that they must drown, took a small quantity of brandy and went below to die together in their cabin.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

It will doubtless be a source of consolation to the public generally and to the relatives of those who perished on board the London to learn that they, with scarcely an exception, appeared perfectly resigned to their hapless fate. Thus we are assured from the lips of Mr. Munro and Mr. Maine, two of the passengers who so miraculously escaped, washing case. It appears that a kind of gloom prevailed amongst the passengers from the Tuesday—the day on which the masts of the ship were torn away. It was this disaster that first gave rise to apprehension on the part of the passengers, several of whom were heard to say that they "fear they would never see Australia again." And as matters from this time grew worse, so the unfortunate passengers grew more resigned—a resignation that was the more readily arrived at from the incessant exhortations of the Rev. Mr. Draper. On the Thursday morning, about eight o'clock, the passengers—husbands and wives, and in too many instances with young children clinging round them—were assembled in the saloon, listening to and praying devoutly with the rev. gentleman, while the single men passengers and the crew were kept working at the pumps. As this work was almost incessant, a complaint arose that there were men below who would render no such assistance. These men were fathers, whose wives and families tenaciously clung to them as their only comfort. When requested to go to the pumps, these poor fellows, with tearful eyes, would answer, "What am I to do?" "How can I leave my dear children?" An exclamation followed up by the piteous appeals of their wives and children, "Oh, don't take him away from us!" "You go." "Oh, do go and do what you can to save us." It would, says Mr. Munro, be impossible to describe the scene presented on board that morning. Money, watches, chains, and other valuables were lying about indiscriminately, and were regarded as valueless. All on board seemed only to be calmly awaiting the last moment. In this sad scene there were instances of something more than death being thought of. An old man went down into the cabin half filled with water to fetch a carpet bag, and taking it on deck placed it down near the spot where Captain Martin was calmly pausing to and fro. This circumstance, it seems, somewhat amused the captain, who, smilingly, said, "What, man, are you going to take that with you?" The passenger did not reply, but merely shrugged his shoulders. At a little before two o'clock, the hour at which the vessel went down, the ladies in an insensible state were floating about on the poop of the ship, and at this time both Mr. Munro and Mr. Maine, looking out upon the little boat that was being tossed like a cobbler she—now close to, and about twenty yards from the vessel's side—remarked that if they had a chance they would not get into her, believing it impossible for her to live. But suddenly they felt the big ship leave as it were their feet, and then it was that they resolved to take chance in the small craft. As soon as Mr. Munro got into the boat the doctor's assistant offered him £500 if they would take him in. To this one of the sailors replied, "Keep your money and look after yourself." To this the assistant answered, "I am your doctor, and you are bound to take me with you." All this time they were pulling away from the ship, which five minutes afterwards sank beneath the waves, and although at this awful moment the small craft was some considerable distance off, still it is the opinion of the sailors that had they been one minute later in leaving the ship's side the boat would have been sucked down in the vortex. It is a matter of great surprise to those who fortunately took refuge in the boat that she should live in such a sea, and that, too, with seven persons more than she was built to carry. All the now wearied crew had with them were three bottles of brandy, one bottle of champagne, some fresh water, and a bunch of raw carrots. They had not started long, however, upon their dreary journey

before their fresh water was destroyed by the constant seas that broke over them. They consumed the bottle of champagne, and two bottles of the brandy during the Thursday night, and the third they could not find, so that they were left almost at the outset with a few cartridges for sustenance. Leaving the scene of the wreck, they put the boat's stern to the sea, and drifted due south dead before the wind, in the very opposite direction to that which they desired to make, but to have attempted to steer the boat would have been instant destruction. They continued thus at the mercy of one of the most terrific seas that ever rolled in the Bay of Biscay till about twelve o'clock at night, expecting every moment to be swamped. At this hour the wind somewhat abated, and veered to SSW, but black was the night that they could not see each other even. They all prayed for daylight, and as soon as dawn was seen breaking in the east it seemed to impart to the sufferers fresh life and a confidence that they would be saved, for, to quote Mr. Munro's words, "I felt convinced that, as our little craft had lived through the dreadful night, she would live through any sea we might encounter."

As the morning advanced the wind decreased in violence, and the black clouds that kept sending forth drenching showers descended almost to the sea. They saw the first vessel about four o'clock, but owing to the wind and tremendous seas over which they were being carried, it was impossible for the vessel to find them.

About seven o'clock on the Friday evening they saw a schooner on the port side, and held a consultation as to whether they should pull towards it, but Mr. King objected, and shortly after that one of the men in the boat jump'd up and exclaimed, "There's another ship, boys!" King still objected to facing the weather, upon which one of the crew swore that it was their only chance, and that if King refused to make for it, he would "stave the boat in." King then said, "Well, I will go," and they accordingly pulled to the vessel that rescued them from their perilous position, and brought them safely to port to relate the sad disaster that has thrown a gloom over the United Kingdom.

"Among the passengers on board the unfortunate steamer London were a very recently married young lady, a native of Bauff, and her husband, Mr. Grahame, of Uagunyah, near Melbourne, a gentleman well known in the colony, and whose loss will be severely felt in it, he and his brother being, perhaps the most energetic and enterprising agriculturists and wine producers in the country. Mr. Grahame was married only on the 21st of last month, and with his young wife left Bauff on that day in high spirits to sail for their distant home in the London. They joined the ship at Plymouth, and there were on board of her, including them, no less than nine members of Mr. Grahame's family, all of whom have been swept away at one fell blow. Great sympathy is felt in Bauff with the widowed mother of the short-lived wife and her family, who are in a state not to be described, and altogether the sad loss has created a great sensation in, and thrown a gloom over, our little town. Mr. Grahame was from the neighbourhood of Carlisle, and has been settled for number of years past in Australia, where he was much respected and esteemed, and had either sent before him, or was taking out with him, persons conversant with the culture of the vine and the manufacture of wine in France and Germany, as well as a large stock of the most modern and approved implements of husbandry of all kinds, and his early and sad fate may, therefore, well be deemed a public loss."

On page 517 we give an illustration of the sale of salvage by the underwriters of Lloyd's. Unfortunately the late disastrous wrecks have occasioned more than the usual number of sales.

LOSS OF A GREENOCK SHIP.

At an early hour on Friday morning, the second officer and twenty-four of the crew of the ship Argonaut, of Greenock, which went ashore on the Island of South Uist on the 9th inst., were landed from the Islesman at Greenock. We have obtained from one of the shipwrecked mariners the following statement regarding the circumstances of the wreck:—The Argonaut was a full-rigged ship, of 1,978 tons. She was built at Quebec in 1858 and was commanded by Captain McKenzie. She sailed from St. John's, N.B., for Greenock on the 1st of December, having on board a full cargo of timber. After she left port the weather proved very boisterous, and south-west gales prevailed till the 21st of December, when the ship was about 360 miles to the westward of Tory Island, and making for the North Channel. About seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th the three masts and everything attached went overboard. The coats, bulwarks, and stanchions were swept away, the cabin was stove in, and, in fact, the vessel was stripped of everything that the fearful sea could carry away. The rudder shank became unshipped, and in the morning, to crown the misery of the unfortunate crew, the ship became water-logged. The officers and crew managed to get into the forecastle, where they huddled together for seventeen days, suffering the keenest distress of body and mind, and enduring fearful privations. All the clothes, beds, and bedding were washed out of the forecastle, and as the ship was at the mercy of the sea, every wave washed clean over her. The whole stock of provisions which could be found in the tank was a few biscuits and a little beef and pork. The only water left in the tank was found to have been impregnated with salt water, and the quantity left was very small. The crew, twenty-seven in number, saw no hope but to eke out an existence as well as possible. The daily quantity of rations served out was half an ounce of bread, a quarter of a pound of beef, and one wineglassful of water for the first ten days, which was taken each day about twelve o'clock. During the last seven days the men were on the wreck they had no bread at all, but three wineglassesfuls of brackish water were served out as a substitute. To such extremities were they reduced that they cooked and ate the cat. At length, on the 2nd inst., the weather moderated a little. In the course of the morning the joyful cry was heard that a steamer was in sight. Hope ran high that help was now near, but their hearts almost failed within them when the steamer was observed holding on her course. Day after day passed, but still no appearance of any other ship. The men were benumbed with cold, famishing with hunger, and parched with thirst. Ever and anon the men took off their clothes, and having squeezed the water out of them, put them on again, cold and wet. On the 8th of January land was sighted, but where they were none of the crew could tell. Towards nightfall the ship struck on the rocks near the south end of South Uist. A fire was kindled on the windlass head in order to attract the attention of those on shore, should the island prove to be inhabited. Subsequently a small raft was constructed and launched, when three of the crew got upon it, in order, if possible, to reach the shore. At this time a small boat was seen approaching from the land, but the sea was so violent that her crew were unable to get near the wreck. The three men on the raft, however, were picked up and conveyed on shore, where the hospitable islanders treated them very kindly, and tried to make them as comfortable as possible. During the following night the rest of the crew were left on board the wreck, and, as the storm raged with increasing violence, fears were entertained that the vessel would break up before morning. When daylight broke a man named Ferguson, assisted by his family, dragged a boat across the island, a distance of four miles, over the snow, and, after experiencing great dangers, succeeded in rescuing the shipwrecked mariners. The poor fellows were conveyed to a farmhouse, where every assistance that could be rendered them in their sick and famishing condition was freely and heartily accorded.—*Glasgow Herald*

DR. PROTHERO SMITH is (says the *Sunday Gazette*) about to receive the honour of knighthood.

MR. G. V. BROOKE.

THE tragic actor, whose sad fate and gallant conduct formed one of the most striking incidents connected with the wreck of the London, was born in 1819, and having shown an early predilection for the stage, made, it is said, his first appearance at the Theatre Royal in his native city, Dublin, in 1833. The character selected was William Tell, in Mr. Knowles's play of that name, which seems so singularly ill-fitted for a boy of fourteen, that we may surmise an inaccuracy in one of the above dates. Nevertheless his performance was sufficiently successful to lead to an engagement. After playing in two other cities of Ireland he proceeded to Scotland, and there acquired a reputation which even reached London. An engagement at the Victoria Theatre was the consequence of his fame in the sister kingdom, and he seems to have delighted the audiences on the southern bank of the Thames by twelve performances of *Virginia*.

His success at the Victoria, which was followed by other provincial engagements, made but little impression on the general playgoers of the capital, but it was otherwise when, in January, 1848 he appeared at the old Olympic Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Davidson. Virtually this was his first appearance in London, and not often has the approaching *début* of an actor produced so large an amount of curiosity as in the case of Mr. G. V. Brooke. He had many offers from metropolitan managers, and had refused them all, and these frequent negotiations, accompanied by the news of brilliant successes in the provinces, had naturally kept his name before the Londoners, who eighteen years ago were much more excitable on the subject of tragedy than they are at present. His performance of *Othello*, the character selected for his first appearance, at once secured him a wide popularity. He repeated the part to crowded audiences for thirty successive nights, and for some weeks in 1848 he stood high among the theatrical "lions" of London, lively discussions as to his merits taking place in every assemblage where plays and players form a topic of conversation. His physical advantages were very great. He had handsome and expressive features; his figure was tall and commanding, and, above all, his voice, which was afterwards deteriorated, was at first not only remarkably rich and sonorous, but singularly capable of extremes of light and shade. It was in giving expression to the more violent emotions that he turned these natural gifts to the best account, and the storms of passion which distinguished his *Othello* and his Sir Giles Overreach were certain, in his best days, of commanding the tumultuous applause of hundreds. The circumstance that he lacked finish, and was by no means perfect in declamation, rather increased than diminished his favour with the masses, for it confirmed a common belief, that he owed his proficiency, not to crabbed art, but to fresh healthy nature, and the "inspired genius" is always a popular figure. A similar toilet was entertained earlier in the century with respect to Mr. Edmund Kean, and among the theatrical gossip of 1848 there were not wanting who saw in Mr. G. V. Brooke the tragedian on whom the Kean mantle had fallen. At opinions like these cooler judges shook their heads, and predicted that a permanent reputation of the highest kind would prove beyond the reach of the popular idol. After the destruction of the old Olympic by fire, Mr. Brooke was re-engaged by the unfortunate Mr. Watts, who opened the present Olympic at the end of 1849 and in the course of the season played the principal character in the "Noble Heart," a drama written by Mr. G. H. Lewes, on the ancient Spanish model. But his repertory never greatly increased, and to the end of his career his best success seems always to have been achieved in *Othello* and Sir Giles.

On the termination of Mr. Watts's management Mr. G. V. Brooke retired from London for a considerable time, and after fulfilling some provincial engagements visited the United States, where his historical success was immense, though a managerial speculation at New York proved a failure. In September, 1853, he reappeared at Drury Lane, then under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith. Again, the opening character was *Othello*, and the enthusiasm of 1853 having a wider field for display, seemed to exceed that of 1848. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the success of Mr. G. V. Brooke as a tragedian in a theatre that long has been disengaged from tragic uses pioneered that permanent establishment of the poetical drama at Old Drury, which we now find under the management of Messrs. Colman and Chatterton. But his renewed popularity was not sufficiently vigorous to last through two engagements, and in 1854 he took his leave of the London public, and proceeded to Australia, where, as in America, his success as an actor was prodigious, but where, likewise, he failed as a manager. When, after seven years' absence from London, he reappeared in October, 1862, again as *Othello* at Drury Lane, he found a generation that "knew not Joseph," and his return made scarcely any impression upon the playgoing world. After a few performances at the large house he migrated to the City of London, in Norton Folgate, and thence to the provinces.

When he perished in the foundering of the London he was on his way to fulfil an engagement at Melbourne. Lovers of coincidences may compare the death of Mr. G. V. Brooke with those of Mr. Tyrone Power in the President and of Mr. Elton in *Pegasus*.

A new interest attaches to the once popular favourite, through the melancholy circumstances amid which he perished, but his importance in the annals of the London stage is limited to the year 1848 and the season 1853-4.

The Christian names of Mr. Brooke were "Gustavus Vaughan," not "Gustavus Vasa," as some have erroneously supposed.

THE LOSS OF THE BULL-DOG.

The illustration in page 517 represents the court-martial on Captain Wake, and the officers and crew of the Bull-dog, sitting on board the Royal Adelaide, at Plymouth. The charge was that of having lost the steamer Bull-dog whilst engaging the batteries of rebel Haytiens at Port Hayti.

After hearing evidence, the Judge-Advocate announced that the court were of opinion that negligence was shown by Captain Wake and Mr. Behenna, the acting master, in running the Bull-dog ashore, by allowing her to run within the marks laid out on the chart. The court was also of opinion that sufficient exertions were subsequently not made to get the ship off; also that the ship was prematurely destroyed. Captain Wake was therefore dismissed the ship and severely reprimanded, and Mr. Behenna was reprimanded. The court was also of opinion that Lieutenant J. L. Way and Lieutenant F. Rougenont had committed errors of judgment in agreeing to counselling with the captain to destroy the

THE PERSIAN COURT.

The newly-appointed French Ambassador to Persia has been received at the Persian Court with every mark of respect. Numerous festivals have taken place in honour of his arrival, and he has been feted in all directions. We take the opportunity, therefore, of giving a sketch of Persian life.

The engraving on page 521, from Mr. Shoeft's picture of Almehs Dancing, was first exhibited at the French Exhibition, and is thus described by a French author, who had long resided in Persia. He says:—"This painting recalls to my memory many pleasing recollections of Persian life. I have often witnessed the scenes which Mr. Shoeft has here so faithfully represented. I have even spent many pleasant hours in the very apartment he has pictured with such wonderful fidelity. I recognise faces once familiar to me, and while gazing at the picture can fancy myself again in Teheran. The apartment represented is in the palace of one of the most enlightened noblemen of Persia. It looks into the court-yard—a complete rose garden; from the centre of which a fountain is constantly throwing up its waters, which, carried by the breeze, alights upon the numerous creeping plants which climb along the balcony, and which send forth from their thousands of delicate flowers the sweetest perfumes. The ceiling is composed of plate glass, and the cornice, which is boldly carved, is painted and gilded in the most elaborate manner. The walls are divided into panels, some of which are highly ornamented with arabesques in red, green, and gold, while others are covered with rude paintings of hunting scenes, flowers, and quotations from the poets. The alcove in which the nobleman is seated enjoying his *zarghié* is that portion of the apartment occupied by the family and the guests during any entertainment, and upon the walls of it are some very elaborate artistic productions. The floor, which is composed of inlaid tiles, is always covered with carpet, such as the looms of Persia can alone produce. The exterior of many of the finest residences of Teheran have a very dismal appearance; but there is scarcely one that has not some few apartments which blaze with splendour."

In Persia, as in other Eastern countries, it is not customary for the invited guests to dance for their own amusement. The host engages professional dancers and singers to entertain his friends, and many of them are paid larger fees than some of the most celebrated professionals of Europe. The costume of the Almehs is very graceful. It generally consists of a loose muslin vest, a pair of wide silk trousers, a short skirt, and a velvet jacket embroidered with gold; a muslin or silk scarf completes the dress. The latter they wave about in the most graceful manner during the excitement of the dance, to which they seem to give their heart and soul, and which they will sometimes continue till they are so exhausted that they have to be removed by their attendants. Many of these women wear a profusion of jewels, their arms and ankles are positively loaded with bangles and charms set with precious stones, and their hair is dressed with strings of pearls and diamond ornaments, to the value of from £1,500 to £2,000.

FALL OF A RAILWAY-STATION ROOF.—On Monday afternoon, at about a quarter to two o'clock, a portion of the new roofing over the new station at London-road, Manchester, to accommodate the joint traffic of the London and North-Western and Sheffield and Great Northern Companies, fell in with a tremendous crash. The portion which fell is a section of about thirty yards long, by seventy yards in width, extending across the entire station. A

great number of men were working there, some of them on the roof, and some of them under it, at the time of the occurrence, and many of them were injured; some of them, it is feared, fatally. Up to four o'clock about twenty-five had been conveyed to the Royal Infirmary, but eight of them were discharged with slight dressings. The 1.50 p.m. Sheffield train was due to start, and had been signalled to go, but the driver had fortunately not turned on his steam, or the train and its passengers would probably have suffered. A portion of the wreck, of iron-work, wood, and glass, fell upon the engine, and also upon another Sheffield engine which a driver and stoker were cleaning, but, singularly enough, none of the men on either engine were injured.

ATTACK BY A WOLF.—A strange event occurred three days back between Nant and St. Jean-du-Bruel, in the Gard. A man occupied in digging for truffles found himself suddenly attacked by a wolf of gigantic size, by which he was horribly lacerated and half strangled. The animal then suddenly left him and threw itself upon a young girl who was guarding sheep at a little distance. Just then a sportsman with a double-barrelled gun came up, but hesitated to fire through fear of wounding the girl. The wolf then turned and attacked him, seizing his cheek between its teeth and inflicting a severe wound. The sportsman, however, succeeded in disengaging himself and discharged the contents of both barrels into the body of the animal, which fell dead on the spot. The animal weighed something over 110lb. The man first attacked and the young girl are said to have died of the injuries received.

THE LATE MR. G. V. BROOKE AS OTHELLO.

ship. The court could not, however, separate, after excepting the above officers, without expressing its full approbation of the very satisfactory conduct of the other officers and crew under such disadvantageous circumstances.

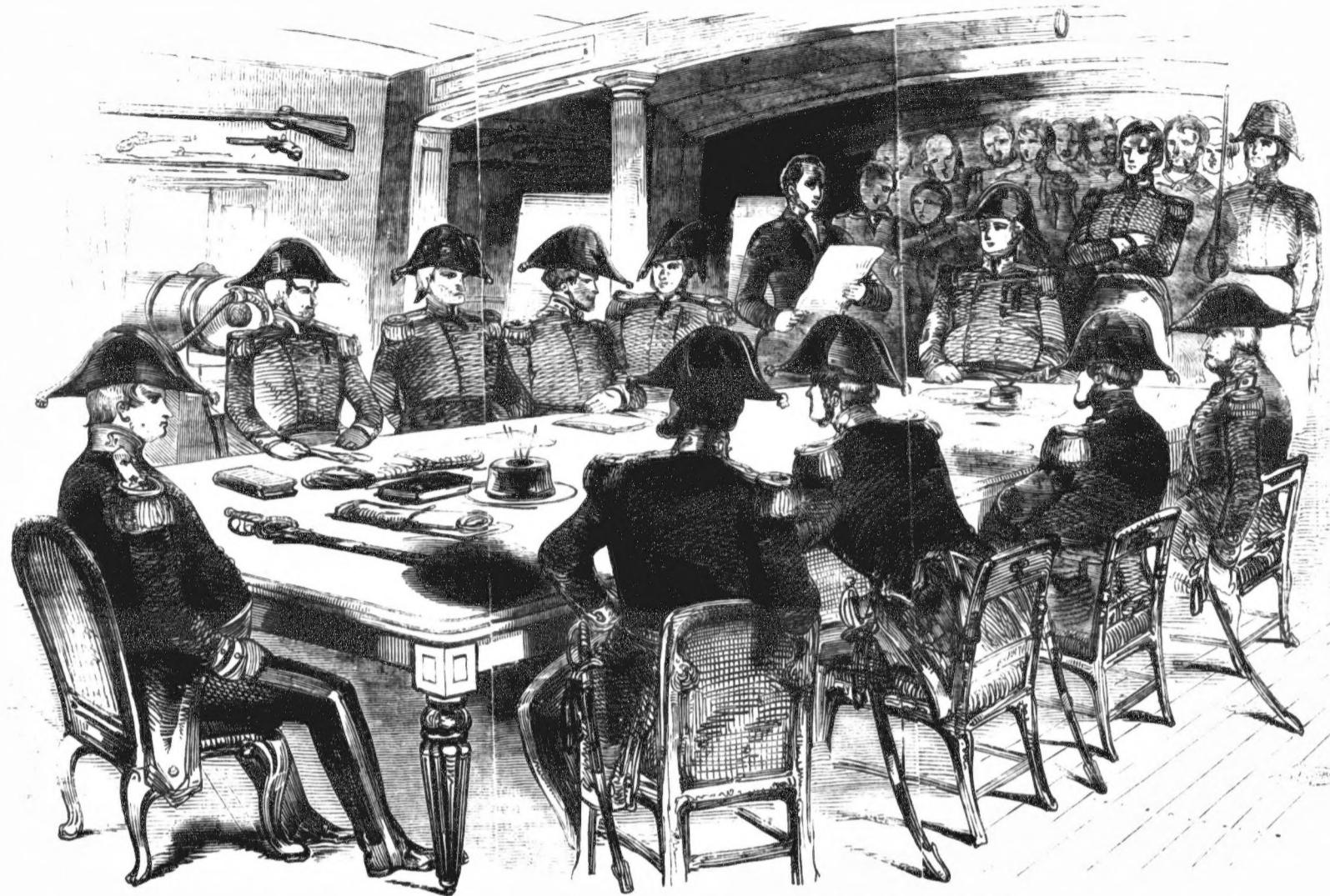
GREAT FLOODS IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

The illustration in page 520 represents the appearance of a village deluged by the overflow of the Exe.

Local historians in the western counties say that no such great flood as that which has visited them lately has been known for fifty years, and accounts received from Devonshire and other counties seem to fully bear out the assertion. The rivers and watercourses began to rise on Saturday week, on which day the Exe presented an unusually swollen appearance, but no one dreamed of danger, although the body of water at Exeter continued to increase during the day. About three o'clock a.m. the river was at its greatest height. At this time the rush and the roar of the torrent through the Exe-bridge was appalling, and the crash of timber and debris against the buttresses proved that great devastation was being committed. Between three and four o'clock on the Sunday morning the water commenced to subside, but up to a late hour at night the road was under water for part of its distance.

On the Exe island most of the houses were flooded, some to a depth of five feet, driving the inmates for refuge to the upstairs apartments.





COURT MARTIAL ON THE LOSS OF H.M.S. THE BULLDOG. (See page 516.)



THE LATE WRECKS.—SALE OF SALVAGE. (See page 515.)

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

H. W. L. B.

D	S	A M P M
27	S	10 48 11 28
28	S	0 0 0 5
22	M	0 35 1 4
30	T	1 32 1 57
31	W	2 19 2 41
1	T	3 2 2 32
2	F	3 41 3 59

Moons's changes.—Fair Moon, 30th, 8a. 29th p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

AFTERNOON.

Gen. 1; Matt. 25.

Gen. 2; 1 Cor. 3.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast Days—Septuagesima Sunday, 28th; Martyrdom of Charles I., 29th; and the Purification of the Virgin Mary, 2nd of February, are retained in the Church of England Calendar as feast-days.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News from newsmen, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr. Dicks, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS at the Office 313, Strand.

WALKE T.—We believe we are in debt to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their "gazzetta" is said to have been derived from a small coin, peculiar to Venice, called "gazza," which was the common price of their newspapers. The first introduction of newspapers dates from the time of the Spanish Armada, and several of these are still to be seen in the British Museum.

B. P.—No. The source of the Serpentine is at Kiburn; and Hampstead-pool, the source of the Fleet River, or, as it was called in later years, the Fleet Ditch.

LAURA.—Pins such as are now used, seem to have been unknown in England till about the middle of the fifteenth century. Previous to that time, pins were made of ivory, boxwood, and a few of silver.

STUDEST.—The first medical degrees conferred in America were by King's College, New York, in 1749.

R. P.—Mereday fairs appeared at Covent Garden Theatre in 1815.

PHILIP.—Execution Dock was situated originally at Wapping. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual to hang pirates there at low water, and there remain until tides had flowed over them.

LURLINE.—Italian operas were performed at Vauxhall Gardens in the year 1829.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1866

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

The Roman poet describes with epicurean serenity the luxury of watching from the shore the struggles of a storm-tost vessel. A kindred pleasure, though of a less selfish kind, may be realized by speculating in quiet security on the miseries which caused, and the causes which might have averted, some terrible disaster at sea. The loss of the London, with hundreds of souls on board, has provided our countrymen with a notable opportunity of indulging in this gratification. Accordingly every one is speculating on the cause of the catastrophe, and offering explanations of why it took place. If it were necessary to assign the chief proximate causes of this awful shipwreck upon the facts hitherto ascertained, we should not hesitate to specify the exposure of the engine-room hatchway, and the inadequate power of resistance in the stern. It may be too much to say that "it should not be possible for a first-class vessel to founder at sea," but we have a right to say that the storm ports of a first-class vessel, being, as they must surely have been, carefully secured with dead-lights, ought not to give way before any wave that ever broke. Nor should we be doing justice to the truth, or to the public if, out of respect for the memory of Captain Martin, who behaved so heroically in the hour of trial, we refrained from adverturing to his apparent imprudence in putting to sea at all—still more with royal masts up—when the readings of the barometer at Plymouth were ominous of a coming hurricane, and most navigators would have sent down even their top-gallant masts. No wonder that such fair-weather gear was soon blown away, swinging to and fro, however, with such violence as to defy all efforts to secure it. Unless it should prove that he acted under strict orders from his owners, or had some unexplained motive for sailing, it seems hardly possible to acquit him of some indiscretion, at the outset of the voyage. Beyond this we cannot venture to criticise his conduct. There are those who think that he should have turned back sooner, forgetting, perhaps, that a ship is safer with her head to the wind than in any other position. It may, on the contrary, be open to doubt whether Captain Martin, having seamed for so many days

in the teeth of a storm, did not act unwisely in running back when he might nearly have reached its outer edge. But these are at best vague conjectures. The same remark applies, though with somewhat less force, to the moral enforced by some nautical correspondents, that it is too much the custom in steam vessels to put undue confidence in steam power, and to neglect the use of sails. This may be very true, but we have really no means of knowing whether Captain Martin thus erred. We only know that he stopped his engines and set his topsails on the Monday, and we cannot fairly "presume," with Captain Marryat, that when the engines were started again soon afterwards the topsails were furled. They must, however, have been furled before Wednesday night, for it was then, on the final stoppage of the engines, that a futile attempt was made to set the maintopsail, which was instantly blown to shreds, except one corner, under which the ship lay to for the rest of the night. Possibly it would have been safer to heave to from the first, and possibly "storm canvas" may, under such circumstances, be a valuable auxiliary to steam power, but it is equally possible that Captain Martin, if he were alive to tell his own story, could fully satisfy his critics on points like these.

AT BOMFORD, a certain Robert Williams was charged before the magistrates with criminally assaulting a girl of seventeen years of age in a railway carriage. The offence was proved, and the prisoner was sentenced to the moderate fine of £20. In neither the crime nor the nature of the penalty is there, unfortunately, any peculiarity. We have of late become familiar with narratives of such outrages in such places, and we are also quite accustomed to find the indulgence of brutality appraised at a pecuniary rate, instead of being punished in the person of the offender. To have stolen a pocket-handkerchief is, according to some of our administrators of justice, an offence more serious than to attempt to rob a woman of all that makes life dear. But the singularity in the case to which we would invite attention lies in the manner in which the attempt was discovered and defeated. The girl had been impudently accosted by the man on the platform of the station. She repulsed him, and got into a second-class carriage, next the engine, by herself, but the man followed, and the train started. The proceedings had, however, been observed by the driver of the engine, and he, expecting what might happen, dared, at the risk of instant death, to clamber along the buffers of the engine, holding by the lamp-iron of the carriage, till he could see into the carriage where the two were alone. He saw the girl weeping, the man kissing her. Scared by the apparition, the man desisted, and the driver returned to his post. A second and third time, however, he thought it right to see that no harm should happen to the defenceless girl, and he repeated his perilous transit. On the last occasion he was in time, but no more than in time, to save her from the worst outrage. He did save her, and when the train stopped the man was given into custody—to pay ultimately £20 for his miscalculation of being unseen and alone with his victim. We observe that the magistrates greatly applauded the engine-driver's gallant conduct in risking his life for so good a deed. And we think the whole public will agree with them, even though it is true that it was not his own life only that he risked, but that of all the passengers in the train of which he was the conductor. But railway directors have known for many a year past that they peril men's lives and women's honour every hour during which they compel a journey to be performed in carriages in which a passenger of either sex may be left alone with the greatest villain, and with no hope of human rescue. They know that thus murders have been done and rapes committed. They know, too, that even where violence has not been used by criminals, madmen have been allowed to terrify their fellow-passengers into almost insanity, and that designing and abandoned women have been enabled to blast the character of honourable men. Yet with all this happening under their control we see no means devised for preventing it.

A DECIDEDLY PLAIN COOK.—In a criminal trial at Stranraer, last week, a worthy woman, who keeps an inn in a small village in the neighbourhood, was summoned to appear as witness. At the trial she was not sent, and the officer who cited her handed in the following letter, explaining the reason of her absence:—"Mary G_____, of ___ Ian, is not going to appear in court unless compelled, because she says she has a farewell dinner to cook at home for the schoolmaster here, and that it is better to mind her own business than our kind of freaks. I warned her well of what the consequence would be, but she said she would rather pay the smart than spoil a dinner." The dignity of the law was upheld, and the worthy creature was fined a guinea.

CAUTION TO CABMEN.—George P. Wales, cabdriver, was summoned for being drunk and furious driving and causing damage. D. Hare, of 41, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, said: On the evening of the 26th ult. my coachman was driving me along the Bayswater-road towards the City. He was on his right side. The prisoner drove his cab on us, and broke the crossbar of my carriage. If he had driven across a second earlier he must have either driven his shafts into my horse, or else into the brougham where I was sitting. The prisoner was clearly on the wrong side, and on my getting out I found he was so drunk as to be scarcely able to speak. It was also some time before he could find a ticket in his cab. George Willis, coachman to last witness, confirmed his master's evidence, and said damage was done to the amount of about 50s. Richard Kington, a tradesman, said the prisoner was drunk. Prisoner now merely said he was sorry. Mr. Knox: I tell you and your fellow cabmen that there is a new clause in the Act which, under certain circumstances, gives power to send you to the sessions, where you are liable to get a long term, or perhaps even years, of imprisonment. You must pay a fine of 40s., and 40s. for damage, or in default be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for one month. The prisoner was locked up in default.

INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND ITALY.—The Trieste journals relate an incident, not without interest, which has just occurred in the neighbouring small Austrian port of Pola. Three Italian ships of war, two frigates and a corvette, had put in there from stress of weather, and advanced up to the line of batteries without any hindrance on the part of the Austrian authorities; the next day the Italian admiral sent word that he was willing to salute the flag if the compliment would be returned. The commander of Pola immediately sent a telegraphic despatch to Vienna, and received a reply ordering him to answer the salute. Consequently the Italian ships on leaving for Ancona fired twenty-one guns, to which one of the forts replied shot for shot. A pleasure excursion from Venice to Milan has also been organized for the last few days of the carnival, by permission of the Venetian authorities.

The Court.

The Earl of Beaconsfield and the Earl of Cork had audiences of the Queen on Saturday.

Lord Beaconsfield, having resigned the office of Master of the Buckhounds, kissed hands on receiving from her Majesty the wand of Lord Steward of the Household, in place of the Earl of St. Germans, resigned.

Lord Cork kissed hands on being appointed Master of the Buckhounds.

The Lord Chancellor arrived from London, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and royal family.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured Mr. Bagge, M.P., and Mr. Villebois with his presence on Saturday last, for a day's shooting in the preserves of Stratford. His royal highness came by special train to Watlington Station, accompanied by Admiral the Hon. Sir F. Keppel and Colonel the Hon. Percy Fielding. He was met by Mr. Villebois, who drove his royal highness to the Foldgate Woods. The party who had the honour of meeting the Prince were the Marquis of Bowmont, Sir Augustus Paget, Colonel Hugh Baillie, and Mr. T. Theobald.

This week the Prince and Princess of Wales have been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, at their seat, Trentham.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

The muster in the subscription-room on Monday was rather small, owing, no doubt, to the dreadful weather. Rustic was decidedly the lion of the day, it being pretty well known that there was a genuine commission out from the proper class to back him for the Derby to an "unlimbed" amount. His immediate party were, however, limited to 7 to 1, at which price he was supported to money, although nothing like a majority of the intended amount was "got on." Had anything been required to dispel the doubts of Lord Lyon's early supporters, it was amply furnished by the presence of his representative—request with which, however, no one appeared disposed to comply. The demonstration had the effect of speedily bringing the son of Stockwell and Paradiso into favour, and although the stable failed to effect any investments at their own price, there were others who deemed it "good enough" to take half a point less, at which he was supported for about £150. The recent hostility against Rustic was again followed up by a commissioner who, it is admitted, generally knows what he is about. At the opening of business, and on the first mention of Mr. Merry's horse, he offered to lay 11 to 1, which was at once accepted to £100; and this transaction was repeated three times the takings being by no means amateurs in their vocation. 1,000 to 60 was laid once against Redan, and Janitor had more friends at 20 to 1 than layers felt disposed to accommodate. We had almost forgotten to mention that £2,000 even was laid on Lord Lyon against Rustic—a fact which speaks volumes for the confidence entertained by the supporters of Mr. Sutton's horse. 300 to 100 was laid once against Lord Lyon for the Guineas, but the same odds were offered on the field till the close of the room. The subjoined list of quotations will be found a correct return of the betting:—

TWO THOUSAND.—300 to 100 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (1).

THE DERBY.—7 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort's Rustic (1); 15 to 2 agst Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (1 and off); 11 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Student (1); 1,000 to 60 agst Lord St. Vincent's Redan (1); 20 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Janitor (1 and w); 20 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Augusta (off; t 22 to 1); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. T. S. Dawson's Stubbs (1); 40 to 1 agst Marquis of Albury's by Stockwell, Bribery (1); 50 to 1 agst Marquis of Exeter's Knight of the Crescent (1); 2,000 to 30 agst Sir Joseph Hawley's Welsley (1); 3,000 to 36 agst Mr. G. Bryan's Laneret (1); 500 to 5 agst Mr. Mackenzie's Messmate (1); 500 to 5 agst Mr. Jackson's Cosa (1); 2,000 even on Lord Lyon agst Rustic (1).

A PRIVATE EXECUTION.—Regarding the execution of Jarvey, a Otago, the *New Zealand Examiner* says, for the first time since the foundation of the settlement the services of a hangman have been put in requisition. On October 24, William A. Jarvey, convicted of the murder of his wife by poison, was executed within the precincts of the gaol. The law does not admit of those horrid open air and broad daylight exhibitions which in England afford a carnival to the profligate and depraved. Our colonial statute book insists that all executions be within the precincts of the gaol, in the presence of only a small number of specified witnesses, who are thereafter to certify to the fact. Not above a score of people witnessed the carrying out of the sentence in Jarvey's case.

THE LOST STEAMER LONDON.—It appears that in the two previous voyages which she had made between this country and Australia the London had as chief engineer Mr. Joseph Fairbridge, of Newcastle. In the course of the first outward voyage, Mr. Fairbridge informs us, a rather singular casualty occurred. By some accident the jib stay of the London had been carried away, and two of the crew were sent out to fasten it. One of the men to whom this task was entrusted was unfortunately washed into the water, and one of the steamer's lifeboats, with five men on board, was launched with the view of rescuing him. Their efforts in this direction were, unhappily, unsuccessful, and the officers of the London then set about re-shipping the lifeboat and its crew. With this object they steamed round the boat, which by some mysterious means suddenly disappeared from view. For nearly a whole day, however, the crew of the steamer prosecuted their efforts, until at last they were reluctantly compelled to give up the search as fruitless, and proceeded on the voyage, which by this time had been pretty far accomplished. Thus left to their small craft, the poor fellows struggled on, and were eventually picked up by a whale vessel, which was also, luckily enough, bound for Melbourne; and about a fortnight after the arrival of the London at her destination the five missing ones put in an appearance, and renewed their connection with their favourite ship. There was, it need scarcely be said, a hearty exchange of congratulations over this singular and happy meeting.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

A NAVAL FIGHT OFF THE IRISH COAST.—Thirty armed men in six boats left Duran's Island, Sligo, on Friday, and proceeded with dredging apparatus to the Lisadil oyster beds, the alleged property of Sir B. S. Booth, M.P., for the purpose of taking oysters. Mr. Martin, Sir Robert's steward, was prepared to receive them with eighteen or twenty boats, containing about 100 armed men. As soon as the invaders were observed rounding the Rock Light the opposing party, with Mr. Martin and James O. Henry at their head, proceeded from the shore to meet them. The invaders, not the least daunted, entered the dredging grounds and commenced operations, when desperate fight ensued, which continued for upwards of an hour. Several of the combatants having been wounded, the invaders gave way before superior numbers, and made a retreat, leaving one boat and five of a crew in the hands of the conquerors, who brought them prisoners to the presence of Sir B. S. Booth. Sir Robert spoke to them calmly on the wrongs and injuries they had daily committed by trespassing on his property, and all the parties were brought to Sligo, and lodged in the county gaol.

THE MURDER NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

On Saturday, at Portsmouth, Benjamin Eve, seaman armourer on board her Majesty's ship *Excellent*, was committed by the borough magistrates to Winchester Gaol for trial on a charge of having, on the 12th inst., wilfully murdered Caroline Summons, a woman of loose character, at her residence, No. 2, Herford-street, Landport. On the day previous the jury at the coroner's inquest held on the body returned a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner, the coroner's ruling, in summing up the evidence, being in favour of the more serious charge. The evidence adduced was somewhat voluminous, but the facts of the case lie in a very narrow compass. On Tuesday, the 11th inst., the prisoner was paid wages on board the *Excellent*, receiving about 2L 18s., and had leave on shore for the night, in common with other men belonging to the ship's company. Early in the evening he met with another man, also a seaman armourer belonging to the same ship, and ashore on leave, and both the men passed the evening together drinking ale and brandy at different houses until nearly twelve o'clock, when they met with the deceased and another woman, and all four went together to a public-house, where they had two half-pints of ginger brandy. They afterwards went to another house, and there had four more half-pints of ginger brandy, and while there the two men fought together in front of the bar, when the deceased got between and separated them. Here they separated, the prisoner and the deceased woman going together to her house, which was in the neighbourhood, and the other man and woman going away in an opposite direction. The next door neighbour of the deceased, about two o'clock on the Friday morning heard a cry of "Murder," a tumbling noise as that of a person falling, afterwards a scream, and then a kind of muffled conversation succeeded. After this there were several screams and sounds of quarrelling—some of the voices like a man's. Soon afterwards there was a loud piercing cry, and then all became quiet. About five minutes afterwards footsteps were heard of some one leaving the house, after closing the street door. This witness said that her husband went to sleep afterwards, but that she was too nervous to go to sleep herself. Strange as it may appear, neither this witness nor her husband thought it necessary to give any alarm. A female acquaintance of the deceased called upon her in the morning, and, finding the front door fastened, gained an entrance to the house by the back window, and found the deceased lying dead on the floor of the front room. She was dressed in her usual clothes, with her bonnet doubled up under her, and her face frightfully cut and bruised and covered with blood. The police were called in, and, from information they received, proceeded on board her Majesty's ship *Excellent*, where the prisoner was arrested and charged with the murder. The prisoner replied that he knew nothing about it; but, on being shown a photograph of the deceased, he remarked that he thought he was with that woman the night previous when he was on shore. The prisoner's clothes-bag was sent for previous to his removal from the ship, and in it was found a blue serge woman's frock, with stains of blood on the sleeves and cuffs, with long hairs adhering to it. The trousers the prisoner had on at the time were then taken from him, and similar blood-stains and long hairs were found on them. A white frock was also found under the armourer's bench, which likewise had stains of blood on the sleeves. The shipmate of the prisoner, who spent part of the evening on shore with him and the two women, stated in his examination that he recollects being with the prisoner and the women, but that he had no recollection of fighting with him, he was so drunk. On the following morning, on going on board the *Excellent*, he found the prisoner there. The prisoner showed witness his hand, which had blood on it, and in reply to the question, "How did you do it?" replied, "The woman wanted to rob me, and I paid her for it. I left her sleeping on the floor." The prisoner told another witness, also belonging to the same ship, and working as an armourer at the same bench with the prisoner, that he got the blood on his hands from fighting along with Rose, the previous fitness referred to, and that some girl had robbed him of his money and he had paid her for it. No money was found on the deceased, and her own dress pocket was found turned inside out, with her empty purse lying near her body on the floor. The medical evidence was to the effect that death was caused by congestion of the brain, the result of violence, and that the marks on the face of the deceased were, in all probability, produced by blows from fists.

WRECK OF THE PACKET SHIP GUY MANNERING.—SEVENTEEN LIVES LOST.—The Board of Trade have received the annexed report from the Receiver of Wrecks at Greenock, taken on oath, respecting the total wreck of the packet ship *Guy Mannering*, of New York, off that coast, attended with lamentable loss of life:— "Captain Charles Browne, late master of the *Guy Mannering*, of New York, states his ship was 1,610 tons register, and was owned by Mr. Robert L. Taylor and other merchants of New York. She was laden with a cargo of cotton and grain, and had six passengers. Left New York for Liverpool on the 2nd December, and all went well for the first three days. On the fourth day encountered a severe gale from the north-west, and had a continuation of heavy gales during the rest of the passage, sometimes blowing a complete hurricane, which carried away yards and sails, two seamen killed, and caused the ship to leak badly, and shifted cargo. All the crew were quite exhausted from pumping and working ship. On 31st December, at 2:30 p.m., the weather stormy, and the wind blowing from the west, the ship having eight feet of water in her hold, and the sails all blown away, the crew and passengers quite exhausted pumping, could not keep ship off the shore; and finding the ship drifting to leeward among rocks, where it was not likely they could save themselves, he thought it advisable to run her into Machar Bay, on the west side of Lough Neagh. As soon as the ship touched the ground she immediately began to break up, and in less than an hour was completely broken up, and the shore all strewn over with pieces of wreck and bales of cotton. On Monday he engaged a number of natives to save all that could be saved. Sixteen lives were lost by drowning and sixteen saved—swimming on pieces of wreck and bales of cotton, and the natives at the risk of their own lives taking them out of the water and into their houses, and kindly provided for them. (Signed) CHARLES BROWNE." The Receiver of Wrecks adds to the above, "From all I could learn from the captain and those that were saved, the ship had all her sails and spars carried away, and the cargo shifted so much that the ship was unmanageable, drifting before the wind. I have no reason to doubt the truth of the statement, and I believe that the casualty could not have been avoided." The loss of the *Guy Mannering* is calculated at £40,000. The ship and cargo were insured.

THE SLEEPER AWAKENED—A correspondent in one of the Western lakes sends the following anecdote as genuine:—"A few days ago, a poor old woman, who had been very ill for some time, was pronounced by the nurse to be dead, and she immediately set out to obtain linen for grave clothes, and, on her return, she took with her a man to wash and stretch the body of the deceased, who, upon entering the house, proceeded to the bed, and was in the act of lifting the body, when, to his amazement, the old wife in a gruff voice requested him to let her alone, and loudly demanded a 'drink.'—*Inverness Courier*.

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BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1843. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Newgate, London. [Advertisement]

ASSAULT IN A RAILWAY CABRIAGE.

AT the Romford Petty Sessions, before Mr. C. Masbiter, Mr. Charles Du Cane, and Mr. J. C. Hope, Robert Williams, aged 27, a cabinet maker, in the employ of Messrs. Burroughs and Watts, billiard-table makers, of Soho-square, was charged, at the instance of the Great Eastern Railway Company, with an indecent assault on a young girl, named Charlotte Martin, aged seventeen, a domestic servant in the service of Mr. John Brown, 227 Shoreditch High-street. Mr. Wood, from the office of Mr. Ashley, Chancery-square, Hoxton, solicitor to the Great Eastern Railway Company, attended to prosecute at the instance of the company; Mr. L. Lewis, of Ely-place, appearing for the prisoner. Mr. Wood in stating the case to the bench, remarked that the prosecutrix was an orphan, and from the age of ten to thirteen had been brought up in the Shoreditch Industrial Schools. From the age of thirteen she had been out at service, having been in four situations, being a modest, well-conducted girl. On Wednesday, the 17th inst., her mistress, Mrs. Brown, gave her a holiday to go and see her sister, who was in the Shoreditch Schools at Brentwood. After spending the day at the school, she left at eight o'clock in the evening for the purpose of returning home. When she got to the Brentwood Station the prisoner, who was on the platform, accosted her, and there being a train in the station she walked with him up the platform to see where it was going. Prisoner asked her where she lived, but she did not reply, and he then said, "You ought to say that is a very rude question to ask a lady." The girl then got into a third-class carriage next to the engine by herself. Immediately afterwards the prisoner got in, and sat beside her, and when the train started they were alone. As soon as he had started he asked the prosecutrix to kiss him, and, upon her refusal, put his arm round her neck and continued to kiss her. She moved away from him, and he followed her, and tried to unfasten her frock, but was unsuccessful. He then moved to the seat opposite to her, and acted in a most indecent and forward manner. In fact, but for the gallant and daring conduct of the engine-driver he would have stood at the bar on a much more serious charge than the present. It would be proved that the engine-driver had observed the conduct of the prisoner before he got into the carriage. He had three times during the journey from Brentwood to Romford, which occupied thirteen minutes, climbed from his engine on to the buffer of the carriage in which the parties were, hanging on to the lamp-iron, and standing on the buffer he had looked into the carriage, and on the two first occasions he had seen the prisoner kissing the prosecutrix, and she resisting as well as the poor terrified girl could. On the third occasion he saw the prisoner acting in a grossly indecent manner, and he called upon him to desist. The bench would appreciate the conduct of the engine-driver when they remembered that he had grave responsibilities in the care of his train, but notwithstanding this he watched over the poor young orphan girl, and at the arrival of the train at Romford the prisoner was removed from it and sent to the company's police-office at St. Albans. The girl was in a most excited state, and prisoner said he would go down on his knees if he could be forgiven, as he had a wife and four children. The prosecutrix fully bore out this statement. John Bullock, the engine-driver, proved that when he last saw the parties end interposed the poor girl was crying bitterly, the tears running down her cheeks, and she in a most pitiable condition. After the evidence, Mr. Lewis, for the defence, said that although his client had been guilty of gross misconduct the prosecutrix had been a consenting party. He urged the bench either to discharge the prisoner or send him for trial, where he would certainly be acquitted. The bench considered the offence fully proved, and fined the prisoner £20, which was paid at once. The engine-driver received a great compliment for the manner in which he had attended to his duty and the protection of a defenceless girl.

FEARFUL OUTRAGE ON AN OLD WOMAN NEAR GATESHEAD.

OUR readers, unhappily, do not need to be reminded that a large number of revolting outrages have been lately committed on women in this neighbourhood. The locality is winning for itself a most unenviable notoriety for offences of this kind. To the already long and black list has to be added another, perhaps more shocking in some respects than any of its predecessors. On Friday night, a pitman, called George Thirlwell, and his wife, Mary Ann Thirlwell, belonging to Felling, were in Gateshead together, where they got very much the worse for drink, and where they remained until a late hour. It was about midnight before the aged couple—for they are both between fifty and sixty years of age—left the town to proceed home; and they must have had a great deal of drink, for they seem to have made very slow progress. After jogging along together for some time they unfortunately got separated, and lost each other. The poor woman, however, tried to wade her steps towards their residence. When she reached the village alone one of a group of five young men, who were standing at a cross-corner, said he knew the old woman. She appears to have replied that she likewise knew him. The spokesman of the company then said he would see her home, for he knew where she lived, and all the young men appear to have interested themselves in the matter, every one stepping forward and taking hold of her, with the object, as they said, of seeing her safely home. Instead of doing so, however, the scoundrels took her in a contrary direction, leading her along the Newcastle and Sunderland road towards the latter town until they came to what is called Split Cow Lane. They then threw her down on the side of the lane, and treated her in a most revolting manner. She stated that she resisted as much as she could, and her statement receives corroboration from the number of bruises on various parts of her body; but while some of the villains held her down by her arms and legs, each, it is said, outraged her in turn. After doing so they ran off, leaving her lying in a most hopeless condition. On recovering somewhat she became afraid that the men would set upon her again, and she tried to get out of their way. She appears, however, not to have exactly known where she was. She attempted to scramble over the wall, which is not high on the road side, but slipped and fell into the field, and it seems that she lay there for some time. At length her moaning and cries attracted the attention of Police constable Mallaby, who was passing near the place. He went to the spot, and immediately afterwards five men came up. He took hold of one of the men (Kewrow) and asked him what they had been doing to the old woman. One of the party replied that they had been doing nothing to her, but that she was so drunk that she had fallen down. The officer then let go his prisoner and again attended the woman; when another of the men (Bell) said he knew her and would take her home. The policeman seems to have believed this statement, and to have handed the poor creature to the fellow that she might be taken to her residence. We are informed that she was then again taken out of her way and another outrage perpetrated; but there is some doubt as to this being the case. However, she did not arrive home, which she did by herself, until after two o'clock. Mr. Mallam, Dr. Pyle's assistant, was afterwards called in to attend to her injuries. On examining her he found bruises on her arms and neck, scratches on her face and various other indications that she had been most brutally treated. The result of the medical gentleman's examination was communicated to the police, who at once proceeded to apprehend the five men that Mallaby had seen. One of them, however, had made his escape, but the others were taken into custody. Their names are Bell, J. sept. Nell, David Fearnley, and Patrick Kewrow. They are all prisoners, their ages ranging from about twenty to twenty-three.—*Northern Express*.

General News.

FROGMORE HOUSE, which it is expected will be the future home of Prince Christian and Princess Helena, has lately been much improved, and it is reported that fresh improvements will be made at this residence.

THE colonelcy of the 3rd (King's Own) Hussars has become vacant by the death of General Peter Augustus Lautour, G.C.B., K.H. The deceased served with great distinction in the Peninsular and at Waterloo, and wore the medals. He became general in 1861. The regiment in which he commanded was at Salamanca, Vittoria, Tolosa, Oporto, Waterloo, and Goerat.

The will of George Richards Elkington, late of Pool Park, near Ruthin, Denbighshire, formerly of Birmingham, electro-plater, was proved in the London court on the 6th inst. The personalty was £2,000 under £350,000.

The rectory of Compton Abbas, in the county of Dorset and diocese of Salisbury, in the gift of Sir R. G. Glyn, has become vacant by the death of the Rev. W. S. Hasley. The living is worth about £267 per annum and residence. Another living in the same diocese is also vacant by the death of the incumbent, namely, Fonthill Bishop, near Hindon, Wilts. It is a rectory in the patronage of the Bishop of Winchester, and worth, exclusive of parsonage house, about £246 per annum. The late rector, the Rev. Souchier, was for some time tutor to the adopted son of General Washington.

AN estate and insurance agent, named John Crawshaw, who resides at Horsforth, was committed for trial on Saturday, by the Leeds magistrates, on the charge of obtaining goods from the railway companies in the town by false pretences. He had for some time practised, without discovery, an ingenious system of fraud, having by some means ascertained the names of persons to whom parcels were consigned, he sent some of them, which appear somewhat carelessly to have been delivered up, without question. So many parcels, however, failed to reach their destination, that inquiries were set on foot, which led to the detection and apprehension of the prisoner. Property worth £60, which had thus been dishonestly obtained, was recovered by the police, but this, in all probability, represents very imperfectly the extent of the robberies he has committed.

HENRY BERANDS, proprietor of a lager beer and concert saloon, a very popular place of resort, at No. 519, Eighth Avenue, in the Twelfth Ward, New York, has just been convicted of having theatrical exhibitions in his place on Sunday. The evidence on that point was conclusive, and the only point of defence raised was, that, although there was a law of this kind there was nobody prosecuted under it, and therefore it was a dead letter. Judge Downing, in passing sentence, said the prohibition of theatrics on Sunday was a law; it was, in his opinion, no dead letter. Sentence, penitentiary two months, and fine fifty dollars.

A WIDOW lady, named Potter, has just died at Bredene (Salisbury) in her 104th year. She retained her faculties to the last.

THE Marquis of Normandy is likely to move the Address in the Lords, in reply to the Queen's Speech, which will be seconded by Lord Morley.

MR. H. Clarke Jervoise, of the Foreign-office, will accompany Lord Sydenham on his mission to Brussels, to invest the King of Belgium with the insignia of the Order.

EARL RUSSELL gives a grand full dress parliamentary banquet on Monday, the 5th proximo, at his official residence in Downing-street. The Earl of Derby will have a parliamentary dinner on the same day.

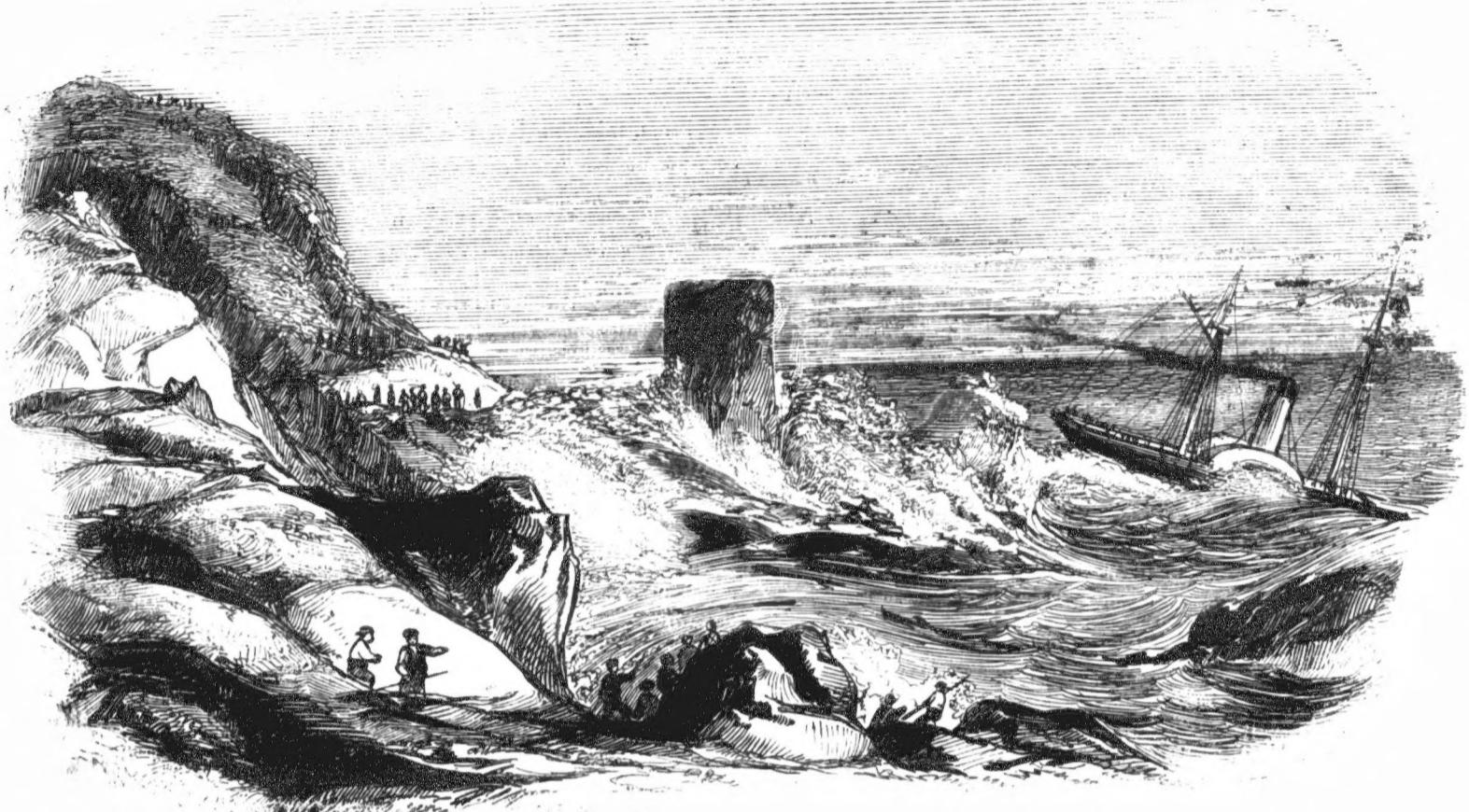
NARROW ESCAPE OF THE CONCORDIA.

THE General Steam Navigation Company's Channel steamer, *Concordia*, running between London-bridge and Boulogne, had a very narrow escape during the recent gales of being dashed upon the Fort de la Flèche, near Boulogne. She escaped almost by a miracle, being close upon and almost grazing the fort, and had it not been for her length and width of beam and the exertions of her officers and crew she must have been dashed to pieces. On page 520 will be found an engraving of the narrow escape of the vessel.

THE CONVEYANCE OF SMALL-POX PATIENTS IN CABS.—A correspondent of a contemporary writes:—"I live near the Small-pox Hospital at Highgate, and in going to town daily hardly a week passes but what I see a small-pox patient going to the hospital in a public cab. Yesterday, for instance, in cab No. 3,901 I saw a patient wrapped up in blankets, with a face one mass of eruption, going to the hospital, the driver having hailed me to inquire the way. This cab would, in all probability, take a return fare to London—perhaps, a lady with some children—and the result may be imagined. Is there no law to prevent this?"

AN ADVENTURE ON THE GOODWIN.—Barmegate, Jan. 13.—On Thursday morning, the 11th of January, about half-past eleven o'clock a.m. (writes a correspondent), a vessel was seen on the North Sand Head of the Goodwin Sands. We manned the lugger Princess Alice, of Ramsgate, with fifteen men, and proceeded to the North Sand Head, the wind then blowing about S.S.W. We then put off our punt with seven of our crew—viz. James Penney (master of the lugger), William Priestly, Jonathan Bartlett, Richard Goldsmith, William Fox, Charles Verrier, and Thomas Reed, who rowed to the wreck to see if any of the cargo or materials might be saved, seeing the crew had just left her. We then in about five minutes had the wind change to about N.E. by N., and it came on a heavy gale and very thick, with heavy sea running. We then lost sight of the lugger, and they of us. The lugger cruising about at last gave up all hope of finding us, and when coming on dark the lugger proceeded down the back of the Goodwin to Dover. We then made an attempt to row off from the wreck, but failed, on account of the heavy wind and sea. We then turned back and went across the land in hopes of getting on board the Gulf Lightship, for refuge. The gale increasing, we failed to reach the lightship. We still struggled hard to reach some object of refuge. Seeing several vessels running close by us, when nearing the Downs, we gave cries of distress, having no signals but our soul-wavers, but could not get any assistance, and becoming very much exhausted with continually bailing the water out of our boat, and rowing hard to keep her head to the sea, but still driving to leeward, we came near to the ship St. Alban's, of St. John's, New Brunswick, and, dark coming on, we hailed her. The captain and pilot heard our cries of distress. They providentially had about 130 fathoms of line in readiness on the quarter-deck, and immediately bent on a life-buoy, and veered out nearly the whole of the line, when we succeeded in getting hold of the life-buoy, and, making it fast to our boat, they then hauled us near to the stern of the ship. Life-buoys were then thrown to us, which we made fast round us, and we were then hauled one by one on board the ship at about five o'clock p.m., our boat being then nearly full of water. We remained on board the ship until about ten o'clock a.m. the following morning, and were treated with every kindness our distressed condition required. We hereby beg to tender our most sincere thanks to Captain Moses Pitt, the pilot, officers, and crew of the ship St. Alban's, of St. John's, New Brunswick, for their kindness and exertions in saving us from a watery grave, which must have been our fate had it not been for their timely aid.

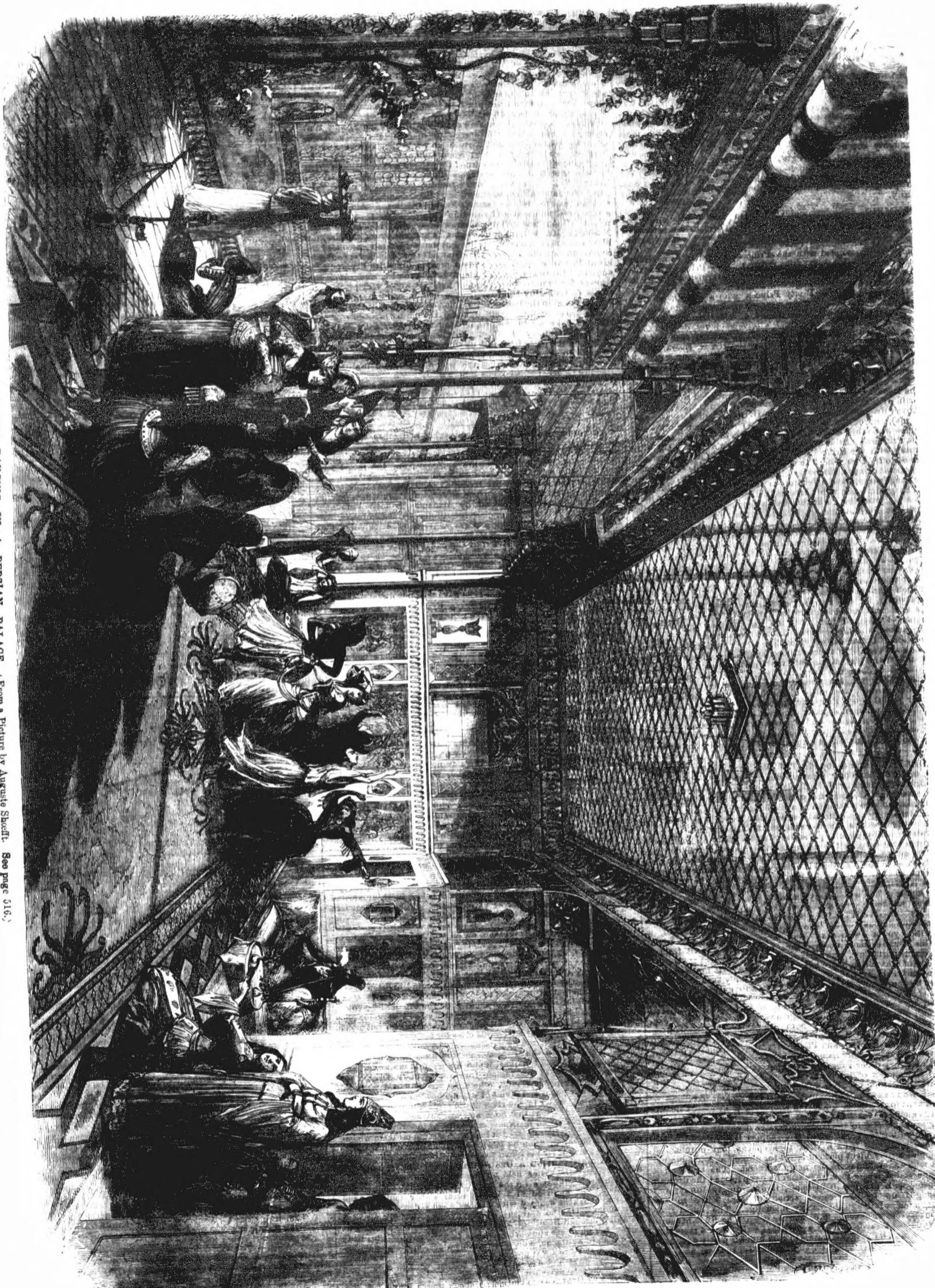
HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW BAZAAR? (Open free, Nos. 95, and 96, High-street, Borough.) By Master Arthur Grainger, of 308, High Holborn, London, W.C.—[Advertisement]



THE LATE GALE.—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE CONCORDIA FROM THE FORT DE LA FLECHE, BOULOGNE. (See page 519.)



THE LATE FLOODS.—A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE EXE. (See page 516.)



ALMEHS DANCING IN A PERSIAN PALACE. (From a Picture by Auguste Scheff. See page 516.)

Theatricals, &c.

DRURY-LANE.—Mr. Phelps made his re-appearance on Monday evening last as Mr. Oakley, in the younger Colman's comedy of "The Jealous Wife," reduced to three acts. The comedy was well cast, the part of Mrs. Oakley being sustained by Mrs. Herman Vezin, Miss Bassett by Miss Rose Leclercq, Lady Freeloove by Mrs. Vandenhoff, Major Oakley by Mr. Henry Marston, Lord Trinket by Mr. E. Phelps, Sir Harry Beagle by Mr. G. Beimor, Charles Oakley by Mr. O. Harcourt, and Old Bassett by Mr. Barrett. Mr. Phelps's delineation of the wavering and over-fond husband was artistic in the strict sense of the word, and the assumption of perplexity in the scenes with Mrs. Oakley was infinitely humorous. Mrs. Herman Vezin, as Mrs. Oakley, sustained the part in a most admirable manner. Mrs. Vandenhoff, in her one scene, showed how thoroughly she understood the character of Lady Freeloove, and Miss Rose Leclercq, always graceful and interesting, was well fitted in the part of Harriet Bassett. Mr. Barrett played the fiery old Bassett with capital effect. The performance was a great success. The pantomime continues to receive its well-merited plaudits nightly.

OLYMPIC.—The drama of "Henry Dunbar" is now succeeded by an extravaganza, under the title of "Princess Primrose and the Four Pretty Princesses." The following is a sketch of the plot:—A Fairy Queen Beante (Miss Elton), godmother of the four Princesses, has ascended with the Princess Primrose, King Ninnyhammer's infant daughter (Miss Wilson). The Princess is seventeen now, and Queen Beante determines to furnish a plot for the extravaganza by returning the Princess she had stolen to her father. The Four Pretty Princesses, who are brothers, are to escort her. The names are Amrus (Miss Lydia Foote, who, we understand, took the part in the absence of Miss Beauchere, through we regret to say, severe illness), a universal lover, devoted to the fair sex; Turf (Miss Amy Sheridan), a sporting man; Hazard (Miss Ellen Leigh), a gambler; and Pecki (Miss H. Everard), who is fond of good living. Dubouleyd, the arch rogue (Mr. F. Younge), thinks if he can put his own daughter, Redwig (Mrs. Stephens), in the stolen Princess's place as the King's daughter it will be a good thing for her, and he therefore calls in the assistance of the Demon Uggie (Mr. B. Soutar), and his wicked Spirits. The escorting Princesses are waylaid by Dubouleyd and Co. The Spirits of Love (Mr. Andrews), of Specs (Mr. H. Cooper), of the Table (Mr. Bologna), and of the Ring (Mr. Franks) work upon the Princess' passions while they sleep, and lure them from their sworn allegiance to the Princess. As Primrose is thus left unprotected, Uggie, in company with the Princess' valet, Zimble Zimon (Miss E. Farren), bears her off. Dubouleyd then goes to court, and his stratagem is on the point of succeeding when the four Princes arrive, who own their negligence, and offer to go in search of the lost one. The King demands two hostages, and after the Princes have settled it by tossing Pecki and Hazard, consent to remain, whilst Amrus and Turf search for the missing fair one. Twelve months are given them to complete their task, and if they should not then return, or return unsuccessful, Pecki and Hazard are to lose their heads, and Redwig is to be declared the rightful heiress. But the Princess Primrose has been transported to a distant country, and she has been announced to be sold by auction, in negro style, on the same day on which the Princes reach the slave market. The purchase of the beautiful slave is keenly contested by the fat Caiph, Rolt Pott (Mr. H. Rivers), and the young Prince. Rolt Pott waxes wrath, for the Fairy's inexhaustible purse, which she has given to Amrus, enables him to outbid the Caiph, who then has recourse to physical force, but the Fairy Queen comes to the rescue, armed with the magic of Colonel Stodare, and spirits away her protege. On the day on which the twelvemonth elapses the two hostages are visited in their dungeon by the King, Ninnyhammer, Dubouleyd and his daughter, and the immediate execution of Pecki and Hazard is decreed. They, however, at the last moment, remember the fairy rings they wear, and, fishing them out and casting them into the air, the walls of the dungeon are instantly rent asunder and the good Fairy and Princess Primrose, with her knight errant, Zimble Zimon, appear. The real Princess is restored to her father, and Princes Amrus and Princess Primrose become man and wife, and the two are supposed to be happy ever after. The acting throughout the piece carries it through with the utmost humour and spirit.

PHILADELPHIA.—A farce, by Mr. T. J. Williams, has been produced here, under the title of "Pipkin's Rustic Retreat." The hero is one Brittle Pipkin (Mr. J. L. Toole), who, having given up his establishment in Shoe-lane, has come down to a lonely part of the Essex coast to take possession of a dilapidated mansion he has purchased for a very small sum at a sale in Chancery. The landscape patterns of his dishes, &c., have imbued his mind with a desire to be surrounded by picturesque scenery, and a study of Thomson's "Seasons" has given him highly poetical notion of the delights of rural retirement. Arrived at his villa, which he has rechristened "Grasshopper Hall," he finds the bargain far from being so advantageous as he supposed. His servant maid, Betsy Perks (Miss A. Seaman), is engaged in a constant conflict with rats and spiders, his wife, Mary Maria (Mrs. H. Lewis), is indignant at being brought down to such a dismal abode, and his daughter Florinda (Miss Godsall) participates in her mother's opinions, whilst she sighs for the presence of a romantic youth who has won her affections in town. Pipkin becomes more uneasy when he receives a visit from a mysterious individual, who terrifies him with a recital of the terrible tragedy of which that house has been the scene. He hears that the last tenant, Perkins, had, with his wife and family, been chopped to pieces by the murderous ruffians who are still supposed to infest the neighbourhood, and that the mutilated remains have been buried in the back garden, where he had hoped to be always digging and planting rhubarb and poly-what-d'you-call-ums. A blouse splashed with red streaks, and containing a letter addressed to "Salvator Rosa Robinson, alias the Butcher," is found on the premises, and Pipkin reads, to his infinite dismay, that the personage thus named has "a midnight massacre" on hand, and that other sanguinary works are in course of preparation. The climax of his fears is reached when he discovers that the strange-looking visitor is no other than Salvator Rosa Robinson himself, who has been invited by the terrified Pipkin to take some refreshment for the sake of securing temporary protection. By this time the audience has learned that the mysterious intruder is the young artist beloved by the crockery-dealer's daughter, and that his motive in telling the occupant of Grasshopper Hall such a horrible story has proceeded from a wish to keep the long-uninhabited dwelling as a convenient place of resort for himself and his brother artists who are sketching in the neighbourhood. The situation at the dinner-table, where Pipkin learns he has poisoned the dreaded Robinson with drugged bottle ale, is exceedingly funny, and is wrought up by the clever acting of Mr. Toole to the highest pitch of tragically-comic intensity. The despair of the crockery-dealer causes him to consent when he finds his supposed intended assassin is only a harmless artist with a taste for the terrible, and he gladly consents to give him his pretty daughter in marriage. The piece has obtained a decided success, and Mr. Toole has a capital part in which to display his peculiar powers. Mr. Paul Bedford, as Shandy Gaff, the Potboy at the Green-Ey'd Monster, disguised as an agricultural labourer to conceal his courtship with the servant, Betsy Perks, kept up the fun of the farce by his solemn reiteration of the familiar cry of "Bast oh!" which is taken for the watch-word of the robbers; and Mr. H. Phillips

played the villain, the painter, Salvator Rosa Robinson. The other parts were all sustained with spirit. "Tip Van Winkle" followed, concluding with the farce of "Behind Time."

STRAND.—A new farce by Mr. Gilbert A. Beckett, entitled "Lending a Hand," was produced here on Monday evening. It is in one act, and there are five characters represented. In the first scene Mr. Matthew Muddles (Mr. H. J. Turner) and his servant Jeremy (Mr. Fredericks) appear, Mr. Muddles having taken up his residence at Putney, for the purpose of rescuing from drowning any unfortunate person, whether suicides or not. With a view to increase his corporeal powers he is incessantly using dumb-bells and throws himself into many grotesque attitudes. He informs his servant that he is in love with Mrs. Lucretia Pipclay (Miss Mary Sampson) the widow of a military man, and he is pursued to do this can only succeed by rescuing some one from danger, and that creating in her mind a reverence for his character. Muddles is about to give up his code, because no event has occurred which may give scope for his feeling; when suddenly on looking out of the window, he sees a man who is unarmed, and who leaps from the castle arch of Putney-bridge. He rushes from the house, followed by his servant, and returns, the two carrying a man who is to all appearance dead. He is, however, recovered, and proves to be an artist, Felix Flashpan, who is persecuted and followed up by sheriffs' officers, and is in a desperate plight. Upon this follows a series of comical incidents. Felix Flashpan (Mr. Belford) at first upbraids his preserver (Muddles) for his officiousness in saving his life, but finding himself ensconced in comfortable quarters, he actually contends that Muddles is bound to maintain and support him, and to provide him with dry and new apparel. He seizes a chop intended for Muddles, and sends the servant for twenty-three dozen of neckties, and a very pretty girl, Lydia (Miss Fanny Hughes) from a neighbouring haberdasher's, brings them to the house. Mrs. Lucretia Pipclay discovers that a female has entered the apartment, and the master is made aware by Muddles kneeling to the girl, offering to give her £400 or £500 if she will only marry Flashpan. This leads to a ridiculous misconception on the part of the jealous widow. Muddles rushes out, and attempts to drown himself, but, of course, is not successful in the attempt. The result is that the widow's affection for her dear Muddles returns; she accepts him, and Lydia consents to marry Flashpan on the strength of the sum proposed. The various characters were well sustained, and the farce produced roars of laughter. The burlesques of "L'Africaine" and the "Artful Dodge" followed.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The equestrian and other hippodrome performances here continue to be well attended. During the past week several changes in the entertainments have taken place, among them Mr. T. Samuels has appeared; and the ladies have had a special cup race of their own. On the night we were present, this race was spirit-dry contested, and bets round the ring were exorbitantly made by numerous sporting gentlemen. The cup was ultimately borne off by Madame Talbot. Madame Bridges has introduced another beautifully trained horse, which she manages with much skill and grace. We need scarcely add that the Tournament is still "the right."

GLASGOW SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The same company which we recently noticed have appeared again at these concerts to a densely crowded audience in the City Hall, under the management of the Abstainers' Union. Miss Louise Pyne sang first song, "The heart that once" ("Maid of Artois"), gained a rapturous encore. In answer to the recall she gave "Home, sweet home," in the most expressive style. Miss Susan Pyne sang "The minister boy" very sweetly; and further on in the evening the two sisters appeared to great advantage in the duet, "O'er the Hawforn." Mr. E. Rosenthal's singing of "Look forth, my fairest," was loudly encoreed, as were also his other songs. The audience were particularly gratified at his fine-toned baritone voice, being controlled with thoroughly good taste. His success gained him a re-engagement for the following Saturday. Signor Ambonetti also sang with effect.

MIDDLESEX MUSIC HALL.—Mr. Harry Fox, the respected chairman and manager of this hall, takes his annual benefit here on Wednesday evening next, January 31st. So much is he respected by the profession, that nearly all the music-hall talent of London has readily consented to appear. "The Warbling Waggoner" (under which title Mr. Harry Fox was once so well known in the provinces) has consequently a monster programme; but the concert commencing earlier than usual, there is no doubt that the whole will be got through satisfactorily, and, we trust, the hall will be crowded on the occasion.

A DRUNKEN SWIM FOR LIFE IN THE TYNE.—On Saturday night, about nine o'clock, a man named William Kirney, a labourer, attracted a good deal of attention in Pipersgate, Gateshead, because of the boisterous nature of his manner, being very much the worse of drink at the time. A number of boys thought they might make Kirney the source of some amusement, and began to interfere with him in the course of his zigzag and retrograde movements. He bore the annoyance for some time, but at last took it into his head to chase them, in the hope of frightening, and, perhaps, punishing them. The little fellows ran off before their intoxicated master, regarding the affair as excellent fun. They proceeded in the direction of Tyne Entry, and soon eluded Kirney, who, nevertheless, stumbled down the entry, fancying that the lads were still before him, and vowed vengeance as he went. His career, however, soon assumed a new and alarming aspect, for, either ignorant of the locality, or being quite stupefied with drink, he did not halt on reaching the end of the entry, but stepped over the quay into the river, making a loud splash in the water. P. C. Alexander Wright, who was on duty near the place, at once procured assistance, and in a short time put off in boat to look for the poor fellow. After pulling about for some time, and shouting at the top of their voices to attract his attention, they gave up the search as vain, concluding that he had sunk. All hope was abandoned, but about three-quarters of an hour afterwards cries for assistance were heard to come from the river. The persons whose attention was thus attracted proceeded to the place whence the cries arose, and there, between a wherry and the quay, found Kirney in a most exhausted condition. He was at once rescued from his perilous position and conveyed to the police-station, where he was supplied with the necessary refreshment and a suit of dry clothes. There were only about six feet of water in the river at the place and time he fell, or rather ran in. It seems that he is an excellent swimmer, and but for this must have been drowned, especially as there was a strong ebb tide running. He remained at the police-station until six o'clock on Sunday morning, when he left for his home at Hebburn, quite sober, and grateful for his narrow escape.

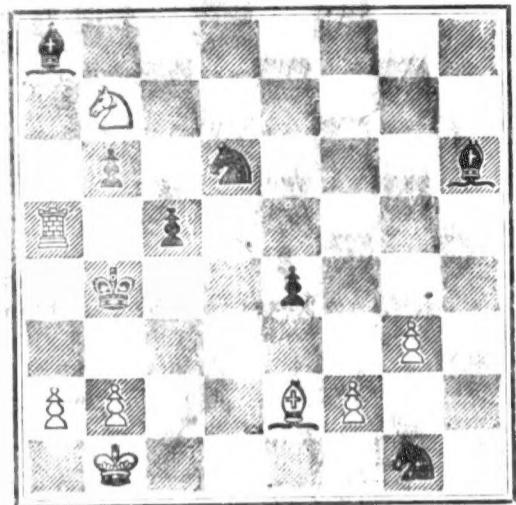
A MOTHER CARRYING A DEAD CHILD FROM BRENTFORD.—On Saturday, Dr. Lancaster held an inquest in the board room of Marylebone Workhouse on the body of Eliza Lights, aged eleven months. The deceased died in the arms of her mother, who travelled about the country with a tinker. The deceased was an only child. On the previous Friday evening the mother was tramping through Brentford when the child died in her arms. She carried her on to her aunt, who lived in Lissom-grove. The body was taken to a surgeon, who, after making a post-mortem examination, said the death was produced by a scrofulous disease, but aggravated by want and exposure. The verdict was in accordance with the medical evidence.

GENTLEMEN ONLY.—Avoid the unpleasantness caused by the loss of a brace button by insisting upon having your trousers fitted with BUSSEY'S PATENT BUTTONS, which never come off, and are fixed at the rate of five per minute. Patents' Depot, 582, New Oxford-street. [Advertisement.]

Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 328.—By F. G. RAINGER, Esq.

Black

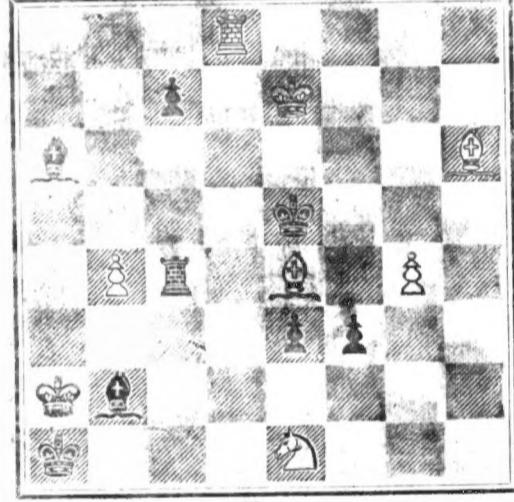


White to move, and mate in five moves.

The following was one of the competing Problems for the prize given at the Bristol meeting of the British Chess Association.

PROBLEM NO. 329.—By Mr. ALFRED KEMPE, (of Jersey).

Black



White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game played between Alfred Kempe, Esq., and another Amateur.

White.

Mr. G. S.
1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. K Kt to K 2
4. Kt takes P
5. P takes K
6. Q takes P
7. B to Q 3
8. Castles
9. P to K B 4
10. Q to K B 2
11. B to K 3
12. Q to K B 3 (b)
13. R to Q 4 (ch)
14. Q to K B 5
15. R to K B 3
16. Q takes K R P (ch) (c)
17. R to B 3 (ch)
18. R takes Kt (ch)
19. R takes B (ch)
20. P to K B 5 (ch)
21. B to K 2 (ch)
22. Kt to Q 2

WHITE WINS.

(a) The usual move is P to Q B 3, but the move adopted gives a good sound attack.

(b) White has thus early in the game obtained a superior position to his opponent.

(c) Cleverly played; this forces the game at once.

G. BRATT.—1. A very little knowledge of Chess would enable you to see at a glance why the position is drawn. Try the result of 1. B to Q Kt 8. Very cheap Chessmen can be obtained at Mr. Dixon's, ivory turner, Gracechurch Street.

JIMS.—The composer of the clever Problem to which you allude, is the Rev. H. Boltoo. The solution is however too long to interest many players. Problems three or four moves deep only, are generally more interesting to amateurs.

W. P. PATTERSON.—A very interesting account of the Chess-playing village of Stroobach, was published in Vol. 1 of the old "C. & P. Player's Chronicle."

C. SIMPSON.—15. Q R takes R would have resulted in a draw, e.g.:—

25. Q to B 3
26. R to Q B 4
27. K Kt takes P (ch)
28. K to Kt 4
29. B to K B 5, and draws

DAMAGE TO A COURT DRESS.—About three weeks ago Lord Alfred Paget was on his way to dine with the Queen at Osborne, and, in conveying his luggage from the steamer at Ryde pier, one of the porters carelessly let fall into the water the portmanteau containing the Court Dress of his lordship. The latter has now demanded a sum of £50 for damage sustained by the accident, which the C. & P. Company have consented to pay without referring the matter to a legal decision.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS
MANSION HOUSE.

AN INCORRIGIBLE YOUNG VAGABOND—A boy, 14 years of age, named Mark Howes, was brought before Alderman Wilson, who sat for the Lord Mayor, charged with stealing a pad of herrings, value five shillings, the property of Thomas Clark. Although the specific charge preferred against the prisoner was not of a very serious character, his career as a thief appears to have been a very astonishing one. About a month ago he was brought to his court charged with stealing a horse and cart and a quantity of fish from Billingsgate, and it appeared that he had deliberately walked away with the horse and cart, which had been left by its owner standing in Thames-street while he was engaged in purchasing fish in the market, and he was taken into custody some distance off, with the horse and cart and the property that was in it still in his charge. There were one or two other charges of a similar nature against him, and it appeared that his object was not so much to steal the horses and carts, as he would probably have found some difficulty in getting rid of such articles, as to steal the articles that were contained in the vehicles. After being remanded once or twice the prisoner was discharged, as at that time nothing was known about him, and it appeared that almost immediately after he obtained his liberty, he committed the offence with which he was now charged. A police-constable informed the court that the prisoner was a notorious young thief, and he had been several times in custody in the metropolitan district. Alderman Wilson told the prisoner that it appeared that neither kindness nor punishment had any effect in reclaiming him hitherto, and he would try the effect of another sort of treatment. He then sentenced him to one month's imprisonment, to be whipped, and to be then sent to a reformatory for four years.

GUILDFORD.

CHARGE OF FRAUD.—Thomas Snow, residing at 48, Twyford-street, Caledonian-road, and William Turner, of 27, Naylor-street, Caledonian-road, Islington, two decently dressed men, were charged, before Sir F. G. Moon, with conspiring with another man not in custody to defraud Mr. John Macfarlane, a chisel designer, of the sum of £4. Mr. Beard defended the prisoners. The prosecutor said: On Tuesday, the 10th inst., I was walking down Holborn about noon, when Snow accosted me, and after some inquiries asked me to have a glass of ale. We went into the Black Bull on Holborn-hill, and he paid for the ale. I wanted to pay, but he objected. I had only been there a few minutes when another man came in and entered into conversation with me. He appeared as if half drunk. Snow during this had gone out, and then returned and commenced tossing with the strange man. Shortly after Turner came in and said that as he had a little time to spare he would join in with them in tossing. They began betting and tossing all around, except myself. Snow asked me the time, and the strange man said, "Is your watch a genuine one?" Turner took a bet of two guineas that the watch was genuine. I was then asked to go and pawn my watch to test its value, and I was told that I should have half the bet if it proved valuable, and it was agreed upon that I should receive half the bet if the watch turned out as valuable as I represented. Turner accompanied me to the pawnbroker's, and I pledged my watch for £4. We then went back, and the tossing and betting again commenced, and, after being persuaded to bet for some time, I placed £4 in the hands of Snow, to back him, as he appeared to be winning. As the bets were £5 each Snow said he would lend me £1 to make up the bet to £5, but he did not pass me any money. Turner then requested me to leave, as he had to go to his office for £5, and he walked with me part of the way, and then left. I went back to the Black Bull and found the others gone. To-day I met the prisoners, who on seeing me ran away. I communicated with a policeman, who apprehended them. When Turner was in custody he offered me £5 if I would not give him in charge. On searching the prisoners, on Snow 10½d. was found and eleven medals representing sovereigns, and on Turner 6s. 4½d., and nineteen of the same medals. In the dock at the station-house where the prisoners had been placed there had been found seventeen cards and four bank-notes of a florin kind for £10 each on the Bank of Engraving. Sir F. G. Moon remanded the prisoners and refused to allow bail.

MEDICAL STUDENTS SNOWBALLING THE POLICE.—William Jones, a medical student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, was summoned before Mr. Alderman Waterlow by William Fanning, City police-sergeant, for assaulting him whilst in the execution of his duty on the 12th of January, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, West Smithfield. Sergeant Fanning said: On the 12th inst., about half-past two, I saw a number of persons collected outside the gate of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Several persons complained to me of being snowballed by the students, and I saw a number of students pelting the public outside with snowballs. I went to the front of the gateway to endeavour to stop it. No sooner did I appear than I was snowballed more than the other people. I was struck over twenty times. The defendant came out singly in front of the others and threw a snowball at me, which struck me on the face. I then ran into the enclosure after him, and he ran away. I caught him, and he then had a snowball in his right hand; and he called out, "Now to the rescue." I was surrounded and pelted with snowballs from all directions. Another policeman came in to my assistance, and he was also pelted, and his face cut with frozen snow. I held the defendant till he gave me his name, and I summoned him. My reason for summoning him was, that I should have had the greatest possible difficulty in taking him from the enclosure. James M'William, police constable, said: I saw a great crowd of persons opposite the hospital gates, several of whom complained of being snowballed. I and Sergeant Fanning went to the front of the gates, and a regular shower was thrown at us. We were both struck several times, but I cannot say by whom. I saw Sergeant Fanning run into the gates and seize the defendant, who called out several times, "Now to the rescue." We were pelted with snowballs, and a piece of frozen snow or ice struck me in the face under the eye and cut it. We got the defendant's name, and were pelted with snowballs out of the gate. The defendant said: I don't deny throwing snowballs, but I am unconscious of hitting the policeman. There were a great number of balls flying about, but I was not instigating the row. I came through the gate in the middle of it, and was subjected to the same fire. Mr. Alderman Waterlow severely reprimanded the defendant, and fined him in the sum of 20s. and costs. The money was immediately paid, and the defendant in leaving the court was most vociferously cheered by a number of his companions.

BOW-BEET.

AN AFFECTIONATE WIDOW.—John West Mallett was charged with causing the death of William King by throwing him on the pavement. Mr. Louis Lewis defended. The first witness was Elizabeth King, the wife of the deceased, who appeared to be labouring under the deepest affliction. As she approached the witness-box she sobbed and cried bitterly, and looking towards the prisoner, said repeatedly, "Oh, you wretch, you wretch." She then stepped into the witness-box, and, turning her back towards the prisoner, said, "I do not wish to look at him; I cannot bear to see him." She then made her statement, which was somewhat confused, and all the more so from her constant misunderstanding of the question put to her. She said she lived in Beccles-place, with her husband, who was a dustman. On Saturday evening she found her husband at Mr. Carter's public-house, in Carey-street

She asked him for some money and he began to use abusive language to her. Some one said, "Chuck him out;" and she observed, "so he did." With great difficulty she was now induced to state that the prisoner was the person who put him out, exhibiting the greatest reluctance to turn towards him, and saying that she could not bear to look at him. Mr. Vaughan requested the witness to compose herself. Mr. Lewis suggested that he was drunk. The witness: That is the man (to the prisoner): You know it. He laid hold of my husband and pushed him out. He did not take him in his arms. He was pushed down outside, and lay prostrate on the pavement. I said to the potman, "You brute, you have killed my husband." My husband was lying about a yard from the door. He did not move. He never spoke to me again. With some difficulty I got my husband up and took him home. He was half able to walk and talk not. I got him home partly on his legs and partly by carrying him. I did not send for a doctor. I sent for a policeman about twelve o'clock. He was alive then. He died about twelve. Mr. Vaughan pointed out the inconsistency of this statement, but did not succeed in obtaining any explanation, or in making her understand that she had contradicted herself. Mr. Vaughan then observed that the witness was quite intoxicated, and that she could not care much for the death of her husband, for even in coming to give an account of that occurrence she presented herself with her faculties completely deadened by drink. Mr. Lewis pressed her somewhat closely as to whether she was sober now, and she declared that she was, but admitted that she was generally drunk. Two gentlemen who were taking refreshments in the private bar of the house at the time stated that the man, who was a supernumerary dustman employed by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, was put out by the prisoner, who is potman at the house, without violence, and, indeed, with gentleness. They did not see what occurred outside. The first witness was drunk. Policeman Hooker, 74 F, stated that he removed the body to the dead-house. By Mr. Lewis: When witness called to remove the body, Mrs. King, who was in bed, complained of being disturbed, saying she had not had a night's rest for six months, and it was hard she could not be allowed to rest now. Mr. Vaughan remanded the prisoner, but took his master's bail in £100 for his appearance at the next examination.

AN EOCENTRIC CASUALTY.—A dissipated-looking young woman, who gave the name of Mary Anne Collins, was charged by Police-constable Hargrave, 147 F, with being drunk and disorderly at the entrance of St. Giles's workhouse. The prisoner was also charged with assaulting Mrs. Smith, the female searcher at the station-house in Bow-street. The constable stated that about seven o'clock on the previous evening he was on duty in front of the workhouse, and saw the prisoner there. She was applying for admission to the casual ward. The porter refused to admit her, as she was drunk. At about half-past eight, and again at about ten she repeated the application, being each time more and more intoxicated than before. On the third occasion she said to the porter, "I will go in; and if you don't let me I will shoot you." She became so troublesome that witness was obliged to take her to the station-house and lock her up. Mrs. Smith, the female searcher, deposed that she searched the prisoner and found under her clothes, next her skin, a revolver loaded and capped, two gold watches, two gold ear-rings, two breast pins, and two brooches. While she was stooping to examine the prisoner's clothes, the latter struck her a violent blow on the back of her head, which nearly knocked her down. She recovered herself, however, in time to ward off a second blow, which the prisoner was aiming at her. She used very abusive language. Inspector Brauman said inquires had been made about the prisoner, and it was found that she was a married woman, the wife of an Italian, named Gaetano Massarenti, from whom she had been lately separated. She had broken into his house a few days back and taken away about £50 worth of property belonging to him, of which the articles now produced were a portion. Mr. Vaughan asked if any other person was concerned with her in taking away the property? Inspector Brauman said he had reason to believe that a man who was living with her assisted. Mr. Vaughan said in that case the paramour ought to be charged with felony. At present, however, he should only deal with the charge of assaulting Mrs. Smith, for which he should commit the prisoner for a fortnight. The prisoner: May I say a word, your worship? Mr. Vaughan: No; there is no occasion. I am only dealing with the assault. The prisoner was then removed.

WESMINSTER.

A BUFFIANLY FELLOW SENT TO PRISON.—William Cram, a very big labouring man, was brought before the magistrate charged with a brutal assault upon his sister, a woman between seventy and eighty years of age. The poor woman, whose wrinkled face was much bruised and discoloured, said that the defendant lived with her in the same house in Union-place, Pimlico. He beat her so severely on the Saturday night that he left her speechless. He attacked her because there was no candle to burn all night. He struck her in the face and kicked her all over the body. He then went to bed and afterwards beat her again. Mr. Selfe: When was that? Prosecutrix: In the morning. He got up and he beat and kicked me again. Mr. Selfe: Was he drunk? Prosecutrix: If he was drunk on the Saturday night he could not be so on Sunday morning, when he had had nothing whatever to drink. He was not drunk at either time. Mr. Selfe: Has he ever ill-used you before? Prosecutrix: He was brought here twelve months ago for ill-treating me. Defendant: I never ill-treated her. We had some beer, and I certainly pushed her, and she fell down because she is old and feeble, and she got those marks upon her in fall. She had had too much to drink. Mary Slack, the prosecutrix's daughter, a married woman, said she lived in the same house. Defendant beat her on Saturday night and Sunday morning. He knocked her down, and threw a stool at her in the morning. Policeman 53 B said he found her undressed. She was bleeding very much. She said he had done it. Prosecutrix: All I want is for him to be kept away from ill-using me. Mr. Selfe: It is quite clear to me, defendant, that you have treated your poor sister with great brutality, and that she very kindly only asks for you to be kept away from assaulting her again. But I feel it my duty to punish you for your brutality and cowardice in ill-treating this old woman. You are committed for two months to hard labour in the House of Correction, and required to find bail for two months more.

CLERKENWELL.

SUSPECTED HOUSEBREAKING.—Herbert Wells, alias Clarke, aged 18, and William Day, aged 18, who described themselves as labourers, having no settled place of abode, were charged with breaking into the house of Mr. Richard Farley, 2, Wrotham-road, Camden-square, and stealing a valuable table-cover and a silk handkerchief. On the morning of the 13th the prisoner and another man were seen, at about a quarter past seven, in Osmond-street, by Police-constable Snarewood, 263 Y, Wells carrying a bundle. Suspecting that all was not correct, Snarewood ran down a back street and met them in the St. Pancras-road, and, with the aid of another constable, took them into custody. When asked to account for the possession of the parcel, Wells said he had picked it up, and that was the way on the way to the police-station to give it up. From inquiries that were made it was found that the prisoners had forced an entry into the prosecutor's house, and there was but little doubt that they would have stolen other articles had it not been for a

servant who went down stairs. She, seeing a light in the parlour, which was almost immediately put out, her suspicions were aroused, and she gave an alarm. She saw two men get out of the drawing-room window. It appears that previous to entering the house the prisoners had gone into the drawing-room of the next house, and had so alarmed a lady and her child that she had been unwell ever since. Wells, in defence, said that he found the goods and was taking them to the police-station when he was stopped. Day said he knew nothing of the parcel or of the other prisoner. He was running after a horse that had broken loose when he was taken into custody. Police-sergeant Older of the Y division, said that the prisoner Wells was convicted at the Court on the 1st of April, 1862, for stealing from a shop in Suffolk-street, Somers-town, and sentenced to six months' hard labour. He was for her sentenced, on June 2, 1863 for being found by light in enclosed premises, it was supposed for the purpose of committing a felony, to three months' hard labour; on the 7th of January, 1864 at the Marylebone Police Court, for stealing bread from a baker's barrow, for three months; on the 30th June, 1864 at the Chancery Police Court, sentenced to six months' hard labour in the name of Clarke for stealing glasses; on the 19th of December, 1865, he was sent to the Middlesex Sessions for trial on a charge of stealing wet linen at Notting-hill, and was acquitted. The prisoner Day on the 25th of November, 1864, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with stealing workmen's tools, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labour. The prisoners, who said the convictions were correct, were committed for trial to the Middlesex Sessions.

THAMES.

AN AWKWARD AFFAIR.—Mr. Healey, a medical practitioner, of No. 2, Devonshire-road, Bromley, waited on Mr. Partridge, for the purpose of asking him to relieve him of a difficulty. The applicant said that a few days since a lady and gentleman entered his house in a state of great alarm. The female had just been taken ill, and both craved his assistance. The lady was put to bed, and in a short time she gave birth to a female child. The mother remained in his house for a week, and during that time she was supplied with every necessary by the gentleman, who she said was her husband, and who gave the name of English. Last Saturday the lady went out for the first time since her confinement, and said she was going to Bow to make some purchases. She had never returned, and he had not seen or heard of her or her husband since. Mr. Partridge: And the child? Mr. Healey: Has been left with me. Mr. Partridge: How much have you been paid? Mr. Healey: Only 10s. for my professional attendance at the confinement, and 5s. for a week's rent. I have been to the relieving officer at Bow, and he has directed me to come to you. I have no idea who the mother and father of the child are. They looked respectable, and I allowed the lady to stop in my house. She is about twenty years of age, with equiline nose, sharp features, and fair complexion. The man is about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, with a round face. He changed his clothes very often. Mr. Partridge was surprised that any relieving-officer should have sent the applicant to the police-court of the district. He could not interfere in the case at all. The maintenance of the child, if it was destitute, and the indigent parents would not come forward and support it, must fall on the parish where it was born. Bromley was in the Poplar Union, and he should advise the applicant to apply to Mr. Jeffreys, the relieving officer, at the Poplar workhouse, and consult him on the subject. If a full description of the parties was given to the relieving officer, it was very probable they would be traced and punished. He would advise Mr. Healey to be very careful how he acted in relation to strange ladies calling at his house in future. Mr. Healey: They appeared such respectable people, and the lady was very ill when she came into my house. Mr. Partridge: You should have ascertained her name, address, and connexions. She was with you a week.

SOUTHWARK.

WORKHOUSE DESPERADOS.—Ellen Oruce and Elizabeth Wisdom, hearty-looking young women, were placed at the bar charged with refusing to work in Bermondsey Workhouse, and breaking windows in the separation wards. Maria Jones, the head nurse and assistant matron, said that the prisoners were inmates of Bermondsey Workhouse, and were the most troublesome they had had in the house. About one o'clock on Monday morning they were directed to clean the dining-room. They proceeded there, but nothing was done for an hour and a half. Witness then went and remonstrated with them, at the same time calling the master's attention to them, when the prisoners became abusive. They were then removed to the separation wards, where they broke the windows. Witness said that they were the worst-behaved girls in the house. William Fairburn, the porter of the workhouse, said that the prisoners were supplied with two parcels of oatmeal, which one of them could easily have done in a short time. He told them to do a little, but they would not attempt it. Mary Lane, the superintendent of the separation wards, proved the riotous conduct of the prisoners, and that Oruce took up a metal spoon, and broke the windows. The prisoners, in the most impudent manner, said that they were cruelly used in the workhouse, and they were not going to do the work. They would see the master and matron first. The magistrate observed that it was shameful such hearty-looking girls should be a burden to the ratepayers. He sentenced each to five days' hard labour.

WANDSWORTH.

LORD BANELAIGH AND HIS CIGAR.—Two summonses, one against Lord Banelagh and the other against Mr. Tucker of No. 3, Berkeley-square, were issued at the instance of Mr. T. Bent, the superintendent of police of the South-Western Railway, for unlawfully smoking certain tobacco in a first class carriage belonging to the company, in the parish of Mortlake, on the 19th of December last. Mr. J. Orombia, the law clerk of the company, attended in support of the summonses. On the defendants being asked whether they pleaded guilty or not guilty, Lord Banelagh said, "Oh, yes, certainly I smoked." Mr. Tucker also said he smoked. Henry Fenton said he was the guard of the 8.20 train from Kingston, and at Mortlake he opened a first class carriage door to let a lady and gentleman in, and he discovered the two gentlemen smoking. He asked them to desist, and they refused. Lord Banelagh: Did I not say I had the consent of the passengers in the carriage to smoke? Witness: You may have done so. I told you the company did not allow the smoking if the passengers did. They said, "The passengers do not object, and we shall smoke as long as we like." By Mr. Tucker: I did ask you to desist smoking. In answer to the case Lord Banelagh said that he came to bow to the magistrate's authority, and with the fine in his pocket, and, at the same time, he wished to call public attention to a matter of interest to a large number of the community. He spoke within bounds when he stated that on the Richmond line seventy per cent. of the gentlemen passengers were smokers, and smoked in the carriages, and when they had obtained the consent of their fellow passengers he thought it was a great hardship not to be allowed to do so. Mr. Dayman thought twenty per cent. of the passengers were smokers. The evil of smoking in a carriage was that it left the smell of stale tobacco which was abominable. So long as the company did not provide smoking carriages they must keep up the rules for the benefit of the public at large. As the passengers did not object he should only impose a small penalty, namely, 10s. each with costs.



SKETCHES IN A POOR LAW UNION.—A MAN WHO HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.—THE SICK WARD.

POOR LAW INQUIRIES.

The recent exposure, in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of the state of the casual poor wards of the London unions, has already resulted in much good. The various vestry boards have been roused up in a way they little expected, and the disgraceful neglect and abuse under which the casual poor and the paupers generally existed promises now something like amendment. On the present page we give three sketches of the interior of a workhouse. One, "a man who has seen better days," bewailing his fate; another is the sick ward, where we have the satisfaction of seeing that a poor dying creature is being carefully attended to, though separate in her last moments from all friends and kindred who should surround the bed-side at such an hour. Our other sketch is the interior of an old women's ward, where the aged are entrusted with the care of poor starving children, who are, unfortunately, continually being brought into the various unions. The public gene-

rally are much indebted to the courage and perseverance of the writer of the articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* for thus bringing the state of our unions so prominently forward, and doubtless, when parliament assembles, the whole system will occupy no little of the attention of the house.

THE BODY OF A LADY EXHUMED.—Dr. Lankester held an inquest on Saturday at the Angel Inn, Highgate, on the exhumed body of Mrs. Ann Ridett, a lady, eighty years of age, who died on the 6th of December last from the effects of a carriage accident. The Coroner stated to the jury that he had ordered the body to be disinterred owing to an irregularity which had taken place. In the present case the surgeon had sent his certificate, that the cause of death was being "knocked down by a chaise, producing shock to the system and diarrhoea," to the registrar instead of the coroner, and the registrar had given a burial certificate. Upon such matter

he had instituted the present inquiry, first, that the law should be upheld; and, secondly, that private families, in secret or violent deaths, should not be assisted in the conveying away the deceased without an inquiry. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

DEATH FROM TOOTHACHE.—Robert Collier, a young man, apparently hale and strong, employed at the iron ship yard, Middleton, Hartlepool, about a fortnight ago had a severe attack of toothache, and had recourse to the very common practice of inserting a red-hot knitting needle into the cavity of the affected tooth, for the purpose of "destroying the nerve." Instead, however, of relieving him of pain, this increased his torments, and inflammation ensued. Dr. Botham was called in, and he found that an abscess was forming on the jaw, where the needle had penetrated. This abscess extended, producing inflammation of the lungs, and caused death in a few days.



A WORKHOUSE SCENE.—"CASUAL" CHILDREN BROUGHT INTO THE OLD WOMEN'S WARD.



ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE, JANUARY 16TH. (See page 526.)

Literature.**THE MODERN SPARTAN.**

BY W. O. EATON.

A RICHLY-ATTIRED, quiet-looking gentleman was seated in a stall of a restaurant in the upper part of Broadway, and was observed in the act of giving money to a crippled soldier, who expressed his gratitude, and limped cheerfully away. A bystander who saw the movement, and overheard the occupant of the stall warmly ejaculating, "I do love a soldier!" now stepped toward the table, and, seizing his hand without ceremony, shook it heartily.

He was roughly clad, wearing a seedy pair of military pants and a cap so small as to find but an insecure perch upon his great head, and his visage was somewhat browned and bloated; his protruding blue eyes having a restless, staring look, not devoid of archness, as if they were accustomed to behold things of an astonishing nature, which the mind within made merry over. He was, apparently, not more than thirty, erect and well-built, and doubtless had seen hard service of some kind somewhere.

"You are a man!" he said, ardently referring to the act of patriotic kindness. "My name is Roderick Warring. You said you were fond of soldiers. I am a soldier, also!"

"Ah, indeed?" replied the gentleman, casting a smiling glance at his unlimbed sum-total. "You are lucky in not having lost a limb."

"Yes," said Warring, indifferently. "Lucky—and then again, I may say I am unlucky, too. I am a strange dog, sir. Excuse me for addressing you; but we soldiers are free-and-easy, you know. I may be mistaken, but I believe your name is ——"

"It is—Lazar Lamb. I don't recollect you, however."

Observing a confounding look in Lamb's face, Warring stepped in the stall, and sat opposite him.

"Oh, I have seen you, sir, hundreds of times, in one place and another, before I went into the war," replied Roderick; "and you me, but you forgot me. I always knew you to be a perfect gentleman—in every sense of the word!"

"Thank you. I am happy to make the acquaintance of a defender of his country. Would you join me in a dish of oysters, or what?"

They oystered, ala, cigar, and continued to find the conversation mutually interesting.

"I have not been paid off, yet," observed Roderick, "and look rather rough, just now; but I have eight hundred dollars snatched up for my two orphan children—wife died of a broken heart ten days after I first enlisted. She loved me to distraction—but you see I couldn't be easy without going."

"Military taste, I presume?"

"R-yther, sir!" said Roderick, with emphasis. "My military instinct is my comfort, as I suppose your wealth is yours."

"I am tolerably well off," returned Lamb, rising. "If you are going down town, I should be pleased with your company."

They walked down, Roderick dwelling upon his military experiences, which so interested Lamb that they entered City Hall Park and sat down to have a further chat.

"It does me good to talk with a sensible gentleman," resumed Roderick, after taking the additional refreshment of a chew of tobacco, with which he punctuated his narrations throughout. "Don't you think we will soon have war again? I hope so. I love war. General Scott once told me, 'Warring,' says he, 'my child, you've got a fighting name and a fighting nature, and you ought to have been born in the mouth of a cannon!'"

"Quite a compliment. You knew the general?"

"I ultimately. And I'll tell you what I said. Says I, 'General, in that case I should have needed to be made of iron, for I should have been in danger of fire in the rear.' You may not believe me, but he laughed till it strained him so, he was disabled from duty for three days."

"Is that so?"

"Just. He sent for me while he was spitting blood, and says he, 'Warring, you war-dog, you're the only American that ever caused my blood to be spilt,' and he gave me the sword he wore at the battle of Lundy's Lane. I sent it home, but it was lost on the way."

"How remarkable, and how unlucky!"

"I told you I was unlucky. I say, Mr. Lamb, don't you believe me?"

"Oh, yes; I believe every word you say. You mustn't mind if I look down occasionally; that is owing to my habit of reflection upon what I hear."

"All right, sir! I say, Mr. Lamb! I was under McDowell at the beginning of the war. Never knew how I could travel till that time."

"I believe there was some remarkable travelling under him?"

"You may bet your front teeth there was. I say, Mr. Lamb! The company I was in was poorly officered, and we got astray, and marched and counter-marched over three hundred miles in three days—didn't know where we were wanted, you see. I was the only one that came out fresh."

"I suppose you served under McClellan after that?"

"Yes. Little Mac—how I loved that man! And he thought a heap of me. I say, Mr. Lamb! I was with him in all the seven days' battles. I was standing near him at one time, and heard him say he thought of turning back, fearing he couldn't get through. Says I, 'For heaven's sake, little Mac, don't say that! We must get this army through to Harrison's Landing at all hazards.' He looked at me, then he took my hand, and says he, 'Warring, I believe you're right, my boy. We will. And you know we did. Well, he called me out in front of my regiment afterwards, and openly said that my words of confidence determined his course, and he gave me a snuff-box filled with gold. I spent the money on our company—Company 1—but I've got the snuff-box."

"I should admire to see it."

"I should like to show it you, but it's at home."

"Were you with him at Anzio?"

"I wasn't anywhere else. I ought to recollect that. I came near shooting him at that time."

"Shooting McClellan? How did that happen?"

"I was on duty as sentinel at night, and it was very dark, and he came by, and didn't give the word, and I didn't recognise him. I was going to shoot, and, says I, 'Give the word or take the bullet.' I'm your superior officer," says he. "Can't help it," says I; "I'm a soldier, I have my orders, and if you were Little Mac himself, you can't pass! Then he gave the word, and passed. In the morning I was sent for, and I thought I'd got myself into trouble. I went into his head-quarters, and, says I, 'General, I only obeyed orders.' 'Would you have shot me, Warring?' says he. Says I, 'Yes, if you'd been my father, mother, and all the relations I've got in the world—if you'd been my wife,' says I, 'general, I would; but she's dead since I came out here.' He cried like a child. Says I, 'Take me out and shoot me—I'm willing.' But instead of that, he hugged me like a brother, and told me I must be his orderly. But I felt modest, and got excused."

"Did you ever come across Pope?"

"John Pope? Bless his old heart! yes. I was under him when he first came from the Mississippi. I had served with him there, and he knew me at once. Says I, 'John—that was the way we always talked in private—John, now you've come, let's go a-head, and do up this Richmond job. Have your head-quarters in the saddle.' He said it was a capital idea, and dated one of his despatches so. Got the idea from me. The rebels made fun of it, though, and said it ought to have been 'Head-quarters in the saddle.' Another idea of mine that he got credit for was the cut-off at Island No. 10 in the Mississippi."

"Did you suggest that?"

"I did, and he won't deny it. I was the first man that landed, too, at the capture of that island."

"You must have shifted about a great deal, and travelled rapidly?"

"Yes, Mr. Lamb, but sometimes I was chosen to go on secret service, and being a privileged character, I served with about what generals I pleased. I say, Mr. Lamb! I was with Burnside at Roanoke Island and Fredericksburg, and Hooker at Chancellorsville and Lookout Mountain. I gave Hooker the name of Fighting Joe. It was started from our regiment, and now it's all over the world. I saved Joe's life at the Lookout. I saw a sharpshooter aiming at him behind a tree. Sharp was the word and quick was the game. I fired and dropped the Reb, or in another second Joe would have been a goner. I say, Mr. Lamb! Lieutenant rushed up and cut me through the shoulder, for firing without orders. I told him why I had done it, and he said he would have done right if he had shot me. Says I, 'You're a soldier!' and I thanked him."

Then he thanked me, and said I was a soldier; and he reported me to Joe, and he thanked me; and I have heard that Joe's having a gold medal struck for me. But that's between you and me. I say, Mr. Lamb!"

"I'm listening. Go on."

"I was with Grant when he took Fort Donelson, and was at Shiloh and Vicksburg. I told Ulysses that his cut-off at Vicksburg wouldn't do—being something of an engineer in my way—and at one time, while he was trying to take the place by regular approaches, he began to get discouraged, the siege was so long; and says I, 'I'll get in there, somehow, and look at the appearance of things, and if I think you can succeed, I'll come back and tell you so, if I live. If I don't, remember me.' He said he would. I got in, and I got out again, and I told Grant, from what I saw, that the old place couldn't hold out any longer than the fourth of July—else Grant would have abandoned that siege. My words proved true—and strangely enough, I met him afterward when he was rushing the Rebs down through Virginia, and giving 'em rats, too, and he began to get discouraged again; and says I, 'Uly, do you remember Vicksburg, and what I said? Now, don't let the news-paper be bother you, but you just fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.' He said he would, and he did."

"It is surprising, the familiarity that you were permitted, and generally only a private."

"Might have been more—but I loved the ranks best. But they didn't permit such freedom to everybody, oh, no. They understood the respect due to them, but I was an exception. Good generals are penetrating; they know one man from another. I say, Mr. Lamb!"

"What is it?"

"Sherman was coming north with his whole army from Atlanta, after taking it; but I said, 'No. Tecumseh, take a fool's advice, and you send Thomas up towards Nashville, and so draw Hood off, and then just ransack Georgia a little, and then steer for Savannah, and so up.' I wasn't decided in that plan," says he, "but it's a soldier's advice, whoever you may be." He was fond of me after that, and we did once ride double together on the same horse for thirteen miles, in Georgia. It was rather rough, but I had to put up with it. Sherman gave me a look of his hair, before we parted—he's a man of very tender heart, is Sherman. I've got the hair at home, in my Bible."

"It seems a pity that you should be robbed of the credit due to your brilliant suggestions."

"I know it seems hard, but then—I can afford it. I'm willing to give any man an idea, when I think it will help him. You remember Dutch Gap? I proposed that, originally. It was undertaken by others, without advice from me, as to the execution; and you remember the fummax they made with the explosion! It lifted up the earth, and it then fell directly down into the same place. My plan was, to have two explosions—the first one to heave up the mass of earth, and while it was in air to instantly have a second explosion, so arranged as to blow the descending mass sideways, and away from the Gap!"

"Beautiful! Both grand and ingenious."

"I say, Mr. Lamb!"

"I'm all attention. You are an engineer, that's evident."

"I was with Meade at Gettysburg, and Thomas at Nashville."

"I suppose you went to Savannah, with Sherman?"

"I went part way, but he sent me by a circuitous route to do some spying business, and join Thomas, which I did, and took a hand in those square fights that sent Hood howling! At Gettysburg, General Reynolds fell and expired in my arms. So did Dan Sickles—that is, he lost his leg and I sprang to the gallant fellow, and lifted him into the ambulance. It was I who gave him a cigar, the one he smoked on the way to the hospital. 'I give thee all, I can no more!' says I. He was so touched with my words, that he had 'em set to music, with additions."

"I think I've heard the song: I remember the opening words."

"I only remember what I said, because the circumstances were so remarkable: not that I have the slightest vanity, I assure you. I say, Mr. Lamb! Now, there was that heroic gentleman, dashin' Phil Kearney. Shall I ever forget his words, when he said to me, 'I'm proud of you, Roderick; you ought to have been born as Irish gentlemen, for you converses like one.' Poor Phil! He died in my arms, too. I warned Phil not to go night that rob regiments that killed him. But he would go, to see who they were. They took me prisoner. 'Stand off,' says I, 'don't come near me.'

You've killed my best friend.' They honoured me for it, and let me escape that same night for my fidelity.'

"I am a great admirer of Phil Sheridan. Did you ever see the man?"

"Humph! Did I? I say, Mr. Lamb, I was with Phil Sheridan five weeks on special service, and saw him often; though most of my time was occupied in burning mills and barns. I set fire to forty-nine barns and seventeen mills with my own hand, and some times I wondered if I should ever want for a loaf of bread; but I supposed it was a military necessity, as it militated against mills and the necessities of life."

"I should think as much."

"But Grant ordered me away from Sheridan, to join the Fort Fisher expedition, and that time I joined the jolly blue jackets, being something of a sailor myself—only three times round the world, that's all."

"Ah? Why, really you have seen a great deal of life."

"Yes, sir, and of death, too. I thought my time had come, at Fort Fisher, sure. Porter wasn't afraid to use his men, and they were not afraid to be used. We blue-jackets were first on the ramparts, at our side, and I was the head—never could bear to be second in anything, when I could be first as well as not. Our men faltered a bit. 'By the Eternal!' says I, 'up, blue jackets, and at them' and we won the fort."

"Bravo!"

"I say, Mr. Lamb! I was the first man that entered Richmond, with the flag. I had a day's furlough, and I watched my chance, crept along, and got in a little ahead of any of our army. The first thing I did was to wave the flag, and cry, 'Order reigns in Richmond!' and so it did; and after that, I had the pleasure of being introduced to General Lee, when he surrendered. He said he had heard of me, often—'Fearless Roderick,' he said his men called me—and I say, Mr. Lamb! says I to General Lee—"

"We want you, Mr. Bounty-jumper!" here interrupted a gruff voice from behind.

Mr. Lamb leaped up from his seat, in amazement, and saw that his extraordinary companion was a prisoner, in the hands of two detectives.

"Well," answered Waring, sullenly, "what do you want of me?"

"You know, easy enough, and you've been out of hailing-distance long enough. You're arrested under five separate charges of jumping bounty; and—"

Mr. Laban Lamb, horror-struck, stayed to hear and see no more, but made for the street with all possible despatch, his only regret being that he had not heard the whole of the intercepted lie about the meeting between Roderick the Fearless and the Rebel Chief-tain.

NEW WORKS.

THE ROWING ALMANACK AND OARSMAN'S COMPANION FOR 1866
Edited by "AN OLD HAND." London: Dean and Son, Ludgate-Hill.—The editor of this useful almanack must indeed be an "Old Hand" in aquatic matters; for the mass of facts crowded into this pretty little pocket almanack is immense, and all of a character most interesting and valuable for the class of athletes to whom it is especially devoted. Everything in connexion with boating and rowing intelligence, the laws of boat-racing, rowing and swimming clubs, &c., &c., is carefully noted, rendering it one of the best almanacks for amateur or professional which has yet been issued.

THE HOUSEHOLD. (Part I, for January.) London: Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster-row.—This new candidate for public favour comes fully up to its title—that of "The Household: A Magazine of Domestic Economy and Home Enjoyment." The articles are varied and interesting; and it is just such a magazine as should be found in every home.

HORTLEGE'S MAGAZINE FOR BOYS. (Part XIII, for January).—This amusing work for boys still maintains its reputation. The present number contains the commencement of two new stories, entitled "Barford Bridge; or, the Schoolboy's Trials," by the Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A.; and "Jack of All Trades," by Thomas Miller—both of which our juvenile friends will find interesting. There is also the commencement of a series of "Fly Notes" on conjuring, by Colonel Sedare, which will open the eyes of numerous readers who may have wondered how many of his tricks are performed.

THE WORKING MAN.—This is a new weekly publication, specially devoted to the interests of working men and their institutions, and is issued from the well-known firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. It is well printed, on good paper, and the articles, for the most part, are ably written; though we doubt if the majority of the working men of this country will agree with their teachings especially with those of the article on trade societies and strikes.

REPORT OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS FOR 1864-5.—Few, until they saw this report, would imagine the multifarious and gigantic nature of the works at present being carried out under the auspices of this board. Although each undertaking is specified in a comparatively short paragraph, they occupy no less than 142 pages, besides a mass of tabular sheets and balance-sheets. The report should be read, or a portion of it at least, by every ratepayer in the metropolitan district. We fancy that grumbling at high rates would not then be so prevalent, for the great works and improvements rapidly being carried forward are at once brought before them, with all the estimates. We extract the following statistics relative to the Main Drainage Works:—

"The first portion of the works was commenced in January, 1859, being about five months after the passing of the Act authorizing their execution. There are 82 miles of main intercepting sewers in London. In the construction of the works, 318,000,000 of bricks, and 880,000 cubic yards of concrete have been used, and 3½ million cubic yards of earth excavated. The cost, when completed, will have been about £4,200,000. The total pumping power employed is 2,300 nominal horse-power; and if the engines were at full work night and day, 44,000 tons of coal per annum would be used; but the average consumption is estimated at 20,000 tons. The sewage to be intercepted by the works on the north side of the river at present amounts to 10,000,000 cubic feet, and on the south side 4,000,000 cubic feet per day, which is equal to a lake of 482 acres, three feet deep, or fifteen times as large as the Serpentine in Hyde-park. In excavating for the works, a large number of animal remains, ancient coins, and other curious objects were found, most of which have been deposited in the British Museum."

PASIATRUSIS.—CLARK'S FAMILY OINTMENT.—This invaluable preparation, the wonderful properties of which have now for some time been well appreciated by a discerning public, is proved in a thousand instances to have alleviated the diseases and trouble of infancy and childhood. Chafings, rashes, boils, sores, and skin eruptions of every description, scolded head, ring-worm, chilblains, cuts and bruises, croup and wheezing at the chest, have all in their turn yielded to its judicious and persistent application. Nor is it less efficacious in removing those distressing ailments which weary and dispirit persons of mature years, whilst it healing, soothing, and palliative qualities recommend it beyond all question as the great panacea for those obstinate and irritating maladies so frequently attendant on an advanced period of life. Numerous well-authenticated instances can be adduced of rapid cures, and permanent relief in severa cases of rheumatism, sprains, white swellings, asthmatics, gout, boils, ulcers, boil-breasts, ring-worms, whitlow, elephantiasis, sore-throat, diphtheria, &c.; rheumatis in the head, lumbago, chilblains, corns, defective or un-grown nails, peeling off of the skin of the hands, chapped and cracked lips, wheezing in the throat or chest, scurvy, rickets, bruises, piles, and fistulae &c., &c. No person, whatever his or her station in life, should be without this Family Ointment, indispensable alike to the traveler, the sportsman, and the householder, to whom its manifold virtues will prove a source of comfort and economy. Sold wholesale by W. CLARK, 75, Baker-street, London, W.; and retail by chemists throughout the world, in pots at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. each. Agents in every town.—[Advertisement.]

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

THE 16th of the present month was the anniversary of the death on the battle-field of a British general whose talents were vindicated, and his misfortunes compensated, by the circumstances attending on the otherwise lamentable event we have selected for our illustration.

Sir John Moore was the eldest son of the celebrated author of "Zixie." He was born in Glasgow in the year 1761, and received his first commission in the army at the early age of fifteen years. For some time before he had seen any active service he sat in parliament as representative of the Lanark district ofboroughs. In 1794 Moore first distinguished himself, when the British troops invaded Corsica, to support the patriotic Paoli.

Again, in the West Indies. In 1796, and also in Ireland, during the rebellion of 1798, Moore was actively employed. In the disastrous expedition to Holland the next year, he received two severe wounds, but fully established for himself a military reputation. In 1801 he received the rank of major-general, and commanded the reserve of the army which proceeded to Egypt in that year. During that short but glorious campaign he was again wounded, but his services secured for him the knighthood of the Bath.

For some time after the short peace of 1802, Sir John Moore, on the recommencement of hostilities, was usefully employed in a camp of instruction on the Kentish coast. From this, however, he was soon taken to more active service, and after conducting 10,000 men to Sweden, to aid Gustavus IV against the designs of Napoleon; but in which expedition little good was effected, he was ordered to a new field of action in the Peninsula.

After the convention of Cintra was negotiated, Moore was appointed to command the army which was to co-operate with the Spanish forces against the French. The operations of the memorable campaign in which Moore fell were not fortunate—less from any deficiency in the talents of the general, or lack of that unwearied patience and indomitable gallantry which usually carries the British troops to victory, than from the absence of consolidated vigour and wise arrangement on the part of the Spanish authorities. "The endurance of the men throughout a long march in the depth of winter months," says one of our matchless historians, "all praise. Their dauntless bravery in the hour of strife justified their leader's expectations concerning them; and though yet again victory was purchased at the cost of a life which England highly valued, the importance of the victory itself was immense."

It had often been said by Sir John Moore that, if he was killed in battle, he would like to be buried where he fell. In compliance with this known wish he was interred in the citadel of Corunna, in the vicinity of the scene of action. The body was carried thither at midnight, by a party of the 9th Foot, and a grave was dug by the men upon the ramparts. This touching incident has been commemorated by the Rev. C. Wolfe, in a beautiful and well-known poem:—

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.
"No useless coffin encloses his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

DEATH OF LORD EDWARD SEYMOUR.

THE *Bombay Gazette* of the 28th ult. says:—"We deeply regret to learn that Lord Edward Seymour, who came to India only a few weeks ago, has died at Yelappoor from an accident that happened to him in a shooting excursion. Lord Edward, it will be remembered, accompanied Sir Bartle Frere in his tour to the Southern Mahratta country. He left his excellency's camp at Dharwar with Mr. Shaw Stewart, Collector of Garwar, intending to accompany that gentleman to his residence. They reached Yelappoor on the 13th of December, and on the following morning Lord Edward and Mr. Brand, a young officer of the Guards, went to a place on the banks of the Kalla Nuddy, near Lalgooly, for bison and bear shooting. They were accompanied by native shikarees, and went in different directions. Mr. Brand returned about nine o'clock, having heard one shot fired by his companion, and about an hour afterwards a shikaree brought him Lord Edward's belt and hunting knife, on the sheath of which he found a written message from him stating that he had been wounded by a bear and wished a surgeon to be sent to him. A messenger was immediately sent to Garwar for Dr. Davies, and Mr. Shaw Stewart, Mr. Brand, and Mr. Walker, a civil engineer, hurried to the place where Lord Edward was lying. They learnt from him that he had fired at a bear and wounded it, and in following it up came upon it at a distance of about fifteen yards. After he had discharged both barrels of his gun the animal rushed upon him, and, seizing him by the left knee, both of them rolled down a steep hill. Lord Edward dealing the animal repeated blows with his hunting knife. The shikaree soon came to his assistance, and the bear left him. His left leg was found to be severely hurt, and there was a bad cut across his forehead; but he was, nevertheless, very composed, and collected, and able to give directions to those about him. He was carried to the top of the hill (about two hundred feet high), and placed in a temporary shed, and another messenger was meanwhile sent off to Dharwar for Dr. Langley. He was taken next morning to Yelappoor, but the doctors did not arrive till late the following day. He had been attended, however, by a native hospital assistant, and the medical gentlemen on their arrival found that every possible care had been bestowed on him. The patient appeared at first to be gradually improving, but on the 18th an unfavourable change was noticed, and it was found necessary to amputate the left leg above the knee. The operation was successfully performed, and a subsequent examination of the limb showed that the doctors were not wrong in their decision. The symptoms for a time were favourable, and the heroic fortitude with which the patient bore his sufferings seemed of itself to inspire hope; but a change for the worse became perceptible, and after sinking gradually for some time, Lord Edward died shortly after two o'clock on the morning of the 20th. His remains were interred the same evening, near the grave of Lieutenant Percy Maxwell Carpendale, of the 12th Madras Native Infantry, who died at the same place about sixteen years ago. Mr. Shaw Stewart, during the whole of Lord Edward's illness, showed an extreme devotion to his young friend, and bestowed upon him unremitting care and attention. The bear, it seems, had been mortally wounded, for it was found dead a day or two after the occurrence. The two shikarees who were with Lord Edward state that he showed great presence of mind, courage, and skill in the encounter. Lord Edward Seymour was the second son of the Duke of Somerset, and was twenty-five years of age. He had been attached to several embassies in Europe, and had visited America with a view to prepare himself for public life. It was chiefly with the same object that he came to India, and he would probably, but for this melancholy and untimely end to his career, have spent a year or two in travelling over the country."

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tea is now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

VERY COMFORTABLE—Persons can now have Teeth to replace those lost, so that they cannot perceive any difference. Mr. Edward A. Jones, the Dentist, of 119, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park, has just exhibited a new system, with a soft elastic gum, so that the roots and loose teeth can be covered and protected. No springs are used and there is no pain.—[Advertisement.]

ARE MORMONITE MARRIAGES LEGAL IN ENGLAND?

In the Divorce Court has been heard a case, Hyde v. Hyde and Woodmanse. The circumstances were of a very novel character. In 1847 the husband, who was then a lad of fifteen or sixteen, adopted the tenets of Mormonism, and he was afterwards ordained a priest of the sect. In 1851 he was sent on a mission to France, and afterwards he went to Salt Lake City. Before this he had become engaged to a Miss Lavinia Hawkins, who, with her mother, had preceded him to Utah. In January, 1853, he was married to her by Brigham Young, who ultimately sent him on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. Here the young man was reconverted to Christianity, and he wrote to his wife, begging her to leave the Mormon territory, a demand he refused to do; and two of her letters were read in court. In one of them she said, "I feel miserable that you should be trying to put down Mormonism. How strange it is that after your telling me of the corruption that existed at San Francisco, New Orleans, and other American cities, you should give up everything and wish to settle amongst such people! . . . I will tell to bring up my little son by myself rather than return to what you yourself have called 'accursed civilization.' Plural [i.e., wives] with all its abuses is better than the licentiousness which you say has such fearful sway that there is hardly a virtuous woman in California. . . . My faith in Mormonism is stronger than ever. . . . Your own course is marked with that darkness which you used to say fell upon all that left this people. Are you happier now than when you were a Mormon? I have tried to think Mormonism false, and to be convinced by your reasoning, but the evidence in its favour is too strong." In the other letter she spoke of the death of her last remaining child; she had had two, but one had died before her husband had departed on his mission; and she said, "I want family ties. I want to have little arms twining around my neck, and to hear soft voices leap, 'mamma,' and try to say, 'papa.' . . . You also are not fitted for a solitary life. If you are convinced of the falsehood of Mormonism, take another wife—one that will be to you what I have tried to be." In 1858 the petitioner returned to England, and on hearing that the respondent had married the co-respondent Woodmanse, he had filed his petition for a divorce.

On these facts, Dr. Spinks contended that the court had power to dissolve the marriage. Being the first that either party had contracted, it was not a polygamous connexion, but was a marriage that would be recognized in a Christian country. He called Mr. Frederick Piercy, of Holloway, an artist, who had married the elder sister of Lavinia Hawkins in 1849, and who admitted, though with some reluctance, that he had in early life been himself a Mormon. In the year 1853 he went on a sketching expedition to America, and spent three weeks at Salt Lake City, where the petitioner's arrival, in order to be married, was daily expected by the respondent and her mother. Witness, in fact, met him as he was returning from Utah. In 1857 witness read an account in the *Deseret News* of the petitioner's divorce and excommunication by the vice-president of the Mormon community, who, in public discourse, said the petitioner should not lecture with impunity. Felt so alarmed for the personal safety of his brother-in-law that witness inserted an advertisement in the *Times*, informing him of his divorce and warning him of his danger. Witness added: I am perfectly acquainted with the constitution of the Mormon body. It is ruled absolutely by Brigham Young and his two councillors. There are also twelve "apostles," and numerous inferior officers; but Brigham Young and his councillors snub the "apostles" like mementos. (A laugh.) It is usual for Brigham Young and his councillors to celebrate marriages between important members of his flock. I was never present myself at a Mormon marriage, for even when I was amongst them I doubted their right to marry people, and I would not submit to it. Polygamy was at first repudiated by the Mormons, and it only became known to the European members of the body through the reports of travellers. No doubt it is now practised. When I was in Utah I was introduced to as many as seven or eight wives at once. (A laugh.) Mr. Hyde is now the editor of an important country newspaper, and he is also the minister of a dissenting congregation. Mrs. Hawkins, who visited me last year, spoke to me about Lavinia's second marriage. I have also had letters from the respondent herself in which she has referred to it, and to the children she had had by the co-respondent. She did not, however, speak of her second husband, and I observed that she only signed her name "Lavinia W." She spoke as if she considered that she had a perfect right to marry again. I believe that she is totally incapable of acting contrary to her conscience, and that her marriage with Woodmanse has been purely a matter of religious conviction. I am quite certain that the petitioner never had more than one wife, though polygamy is common enough in Utah amongst those who can afford it. The rule is for every one but Brigham Young to keep as many wives as he can support; but Brigham Young has publicly announced that he will take no more unless they can support themselves. (Laughter.) I have seen as many as four wives occupy a room not longer than that table, each having her bed only separated from the rest by a curtain. It is commonly reported that Mormon women who are unfaithful to their husbands are put to death, and that men have been shot for engaging in criminal intrigue with other people's wives. Except in the matter of polygamy, the Mormons are great sticklers for morality, and they don't like to lose their wives any more than other men.

Mrs. Hawkins' deposition, proving the second marriage and the adulterous cohabitation, having been read, Mr. Silas Martin Fisher, a counsel of the Supreme Court of the United States, was called as an expert in the law of Utah, but he stated that the Supreme Court had no appellate jurisdiction in cases matrimonial over the Mormon territory. The American courts would, however, recognise a marriage in Utah when neither party was already married, but they would not acknowledge any polygamous union.

Sir J. Wilde said he would take time to consider his decision. It would, however, be extraordinary, if a connexion which was essentially a polygamous one, and one that would have allowed the husband to take other wives, should be made the subject of a decree in a Christian country. The fundamental idea of marriage, such as Christendom recognized it, was that the parties should cleave to each other to the exclusion of any one else; and it seemed to him very doubtful whether the matrimonial contract, as Christianity understood it, had been entered into by the petitioner at all.

WIDOW BURNING.—A deliberate act of suicide was recently perpetrated near a village on the Jubilee-pore line, about twenty-five miles from Allahabad, on the border of the Rewar territories. The subject of the sacrifice was the wife of a barber, who on his death declared her intention of not surviving, and on her steadily refusing to listen to the exhortations of her neighbours, they at last yielded to her importunity, and assisted at the brutal ceremony. As far as we can learn, the woman was not at any time under the influence of drugs, but simply acted on the premonitions of what—for want of a better term—we must call religious fervour. She sat upon pile of wood with her dead husband across her knees, while faggots were piled up to her shoulders, and her hair saturated with ghee, continuing to converse with the bystanders while her arms were burning, and only ceasing to do so when flame and smoke choked her utterance.—*The Pioneer*.

A COUGH, COLD, OR AN INFECTED THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, sometimes incurable. **BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUBLES** reach directly the affected parts and give almost instant relief. In BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and CATARRH they are beneficial. They have gained a great reputation in America, and are now sold by all respectable medicine dealers in this country at 1s. 1d. per box.—[Advertisement.]

Varieties.

"I never had this pain before," said the man said of the lambago.

"Mat, I want another porter." "What ales the one you have, Dick?" "She's dead." "Gone to his bier, eh?" "Hang you, Dick, your wit's always a broad-cider."

FONTENELLE.—Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

SHARP.—A lady walking a few days since on the promenade at Brighton, asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called a "she?" The son of Neptune ungraciously replied that it was "because the rigging costs so much."

BAD MEMORY.—The ne plus ultra of a bad memory was described by a gentleman the other day, in a party where one or two individuals complained of their forgetfulness. "As for me," said he, "my memory is so desperately bad, that I forget I have a memory."

HOTEL NOTICE.—The following are among the notices put up at a petroleum town in Western Pennsylvania:—"No talking with the chambermaid"—"Fare as high as at any other house."—"Not responsible for boots left in the hall."—"No sardines admitted."

PASSION.—A certain member of parliament is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman, desiring to be dismissed, "Why do you leave me?" said he. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper."

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